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TWO MONTHS IN EUROPE,

A RECORD OF A

SUMMER VACATION ABROAD.

—BY—

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their present form simply to indicate to those who think of going abroad, but wonder whether a summer vacation is time enough to be of any service, what they may reasonably hope to accomplish.

The author has had in mind only to give a brief but faithful account of what will be most likely to interest the traveler who goes for profit as well as pleasure. He has endeavored to represent things fairly, and without that gush of admiration with which the coolest of us often see things for the first time. Personal allusions and experiences, which are of no value or interest to a stranger, have been as far as possible avoided, and the single aim has been kept in view of giving a plain and straight forward account of a summer's tour.

If the book should recall pleasing memories to those who have had the pleasure of a foreign trip, and, most of all should be instrumental in inducing young people to visit, even hastily, the old world, and thus have the life-long enjoyment of the pleasure and knowledge which such a trip gives, the author will be more than satisfied.

March 20, 1879.

Bequest
Albert Adsit Clemons
Aug. 24, 1938
(Not available for exchange)

TWO MONTHS IN EUROPE.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE OCEAN.

THE departure of an ocean steamer is always an event of considerable importance. For several hours before the time of sailing the dock is crowded with baggage, people are hurrying down in carriages, men and women are rushing along on foot, passengers and their friends are crowding on board the vessel, the whole making a perfect pandemonium of noise and confusion. On the morning of our departure, toward the latter part of June, in addition to all this, nature was weeping most abundantly and constantly, evidently sympathizing with the travelers and their friends.

The half hour bell sounds and the crowd on the steamer begins to lessen and that on the wharf to increase. The ten minute bell only adds to the confusion, and at the last moment the shore people on board the steamer rush frantically off, the bridge is drawn, the hawsers cast from the pier, the engine be-begins to move, there is a great splashing of the water at the stern of the vessel, gradually the vast steamer seems to have the breath of life infused into her, and slowly she leaves the

wharf amid the farewell calls of friends, the waving of handkerchiefs, the shouting of the crowd, and the friendly whistle of passing steam vessels.

The waving of handkerchiefs continues until we lose sight of the wharf, and is kept up still later by those whose zealous friends follow them down the harbor in tugs. Our steamer being a new one, and this her first departure from New York, she was escorted down the harbor by several tugs and passenger vessels. Our captain said that whenever there were any Brooklyn ministers on board such a company of steam vessels always followed them down the harbor, and with the remark that we would probably find two or three of them concealed among the passengers, he went forward. We afterward found a couple of them among the passengers. At length our little fleet of tugs turn back and leaves us with a final salute of cannon and steam whistles, and we are soon opposite the light-ship at Sandy Hook.

On the way down the bay the passengers walk the upper deck, taking their last look at the beautiful fields below Brooklyn, the green hills of Staten Island, and the low-lying Jersey shore in the distance. Many of the passengers write letters or postal cards, which can be sent back by the pilot, and will be the last that friends can hear from them until we are in sight of the Irish coast.

Just outside the light ship we begin to feel the ocean swell, and the great steamer rises and falls in a way that makes many think with dreadful forebodings of the future. Soon some of the passengers, quietly and without remark, go down to their state-rooms, while others sit upon the upper deck in a thoughtful, meditative way, until gradually a paleness steals over their

faces, and after half an hour or so they quietly disappear below. Others of a resolute nature, who have determined that as for them, *they* will not be seasick, walk rapidly up and down the deck fighting in vain the grim monster which is literally clutching their vitals. Experienced sailors and those who are not at all affected by the sea, lounge leisurely about and enjoy the fresh breeze and the discomfort of their unfortunate fellow passengers.

By the time the steamer has been out a few hours and the land has disappeared from sight, the dividing line between those who are to be sick and those who are to stand the voyage, is pretty fairly drawn. If the weather is at all rough, half the passengers will not be at the table the first meal, and some will not be seen at all during the passage. For seasickness there seems to be no permanent or certain cure. What relieves one does another no good, but forced contributions to the Atlantic are a general relief to all who are affected.

Our voyage was a very monotonous one, having fog and quiet weather nearly all the way. Once, on the banks of Newfoundland, the monotony was broken by running down a fishing smack from Beverly, Mass., which was anchored directly across our course. I can never forget how wildly the fishermen ran to the stern of their vessel as the black hull of the steamer suddenly appeared to rush out of the dense fog, bearing down on them directly amidship and scarcely two hundred yards away. Almost instant death threatens them, for in less than half a minute they expect to be run down by the steamer. But they are seen from our vessel and she is instantly turned from her course, so that only the bowsprit of the fishing smack is cut off close up to the hull, and the shattered vessel grates

harshly against the iron side of the steamer as we pass along. Our steamer is stopped, the men taken from their sinking vessel, and we are on our course again through the interminable fog.

There is nothing that strikes a greater feeling of dread through a passenger than the shrill fog whistle sounding ominously in his ears day and night, and this is particularly so after a misfortune like ours. Without having passed through the experience one can hardly conceive how many imaginary vessels we ran down or how many imaginary icebergs we ran into during the remaining days of the fog. Occasionally the dense mist would clear away for a few hours and we would have a view of the boundless ocean, with not a living thing in sight except ourselves, but on every side the hemisphere of the sky seemed to shut down upon us like the cover to some great bowl.

During the voyage the passengers amuse themselves in various ways with games, reading, music, conversation, and one day the lawyers, of whom we had an abundant supply on board, gave us a moot court, which was scarcely less amusing than some of the transactions of the real ones. They also interest themselves in watching the sky, the record of each day's course, the officers as they take the position of the ship at noon, the varied working of the vessel, and the wonderful donkey engines as they raise and lower the sails and apparently do all the heavy work on the steamer. Occasionally we see whales spouting in the distance, and some with well developed imagination see icebergs in the far away horizon. They also note the increasing length of the days as we sail north, the apparent gaining of time as we go toward the east, and the gradually increasing cold.

The ladies are generally very curious to know all about navigation, and are, in their irresistible way, besieging the officers, when off duty, for all kinds of nautical information. A lady evidently of the strong minded kind, who had many years before passed the culminating point of her youth and beauty, got hold of our fun-loving Scotch captain one day, and pointing to the long line which was dragging behind the vessel, to which was fastened the instrument for recording the distance made by the steamer, in a very decided way said :

"Captain, I want to know why you have that long rope dragging behind the steamer ?"

"To tell how far we go each day, mam," said the captain, cheerfully.

"But I don't see how you can tell from *that*," remonstrated the lady.

"I cannot explain it to you," said the captain, "so that you would understand it."

"Yes I can, I am sure," she said, eagerly, resenting the insinuation that there was anything on the earth, in the sea or in the heavens which she could not understand.

After a great deal of urging on her part and an equal amount of gentle refusing on his, during which a crowd of the passengers had gathered around them, knowing from the mischief in the captain's eye that there was some fun ahead, he finally said :

"Now that you insist on it so urgently I will try and tell you, although I have not much hope that you will understand it. The truth of the matter is, madam," said he in a loud confidential whisper which could have been heard by five hundred people, while at the same time a smile broadened over his

weather beaten face, "I have a sailor tied to the end of the rope, who counts the milestones on the bottom of the ocean."

At length one morning the captain informs us that in the afternoon we shall probably see land. What a thrill goes through us as we think of seeing land once more, and this time the shore of that old world whose wonders and beauties have for so long a time filled our imagination. How eagerly we all watch in the direction where the land will probably appear, each one hoping to be the first to see the rugged shore and green hills of Ireland. At length some one calls—"Land in sight!" and we all strain our eyes in the direction indicated but we only see what seems to be a light cloud resting upon the water. Much against the evidences of our senses we are persuaded that this is land, the green shore we had pictured in imagination, and with a sigh of disappointment we turn away.

The captain promises to have us called at two o'clock the next morning (it is broad day light here by this time) to see the coast off the Giant's Causeway. Coming on deck at this early hour we find on all sides of us, in some places less than one-fourth of a mile distant, the rugged and abrupt shore and out lying islands of the Irish coast, which have for so many centuries battled with the full force of the Atlantic. It is a dangerous place in a storm, but we steam along in a quiet sea, and wonder at the giant mass of black rock along the shore, and admire the green fields and white cottages of the peasants.

The almost constant mist and fog which are found on the Irish and Scotch coasts, give an intensely green color to the grass and trees, so that the hills as we look upon them for the first time after our long voyage, seem the greenest and most

beautiful we have ever known, and give us a most pleasing welcome to the old world. We pass near the Causeway, close enough to see its remarkable basaltic formation which extends along the coast for several miles. The high rocks near which we occasionally sail return a quick, sharp echo to the shrill whistle of the steamer, and this echo is sometimes faintly repeated from some more distant rock.

By eight o'clock of as lovely a day as Scotland ever saw, we are coming up the broad Firth of Clyde, with the beautiful green hills, and back of them the rugged mountains of "Bonnie Scotland" visible in the distance. For four hours we sail through as fine a stream with as beautiful shores as the sun shines upon, and we do not blame the Scotchman for loving his native land, since we strangers cannot help joining him in its admiration.

We reach the harbor of Greenock, at the mouth of the Clyde, which is probably the most important seaport of Scotland. It is constantly filled with steamers of all sizes, more than a hundred daily plying to all parts of the coast and indeed of the world. Greenock is noted particularly for ship building and sugar refining. There is, however, little in the place to interest the traveler, unless he wishes to visit the Watt Institute, established as a memorial of James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, who was a native of this place; or if romantically inclined he may wander into the cemetery of the old church where Burns' "Highland Mary" is buried.

After sticking for nearly an hour upon the bar at the mouth of the Clyde, we finally pass up the river toward Glasgow which is 23 miles distant. On the left is the fine residence and grounds of Stevens, the great ship builder, and directly

in front of us, up the river, the rock and castle of Dumbarton. This nearly perpendicular rock rises several hundred feet above the river, and was an important fortress in the early wars between the Britons and Scots. In the varied vicissitudes of border warfare it has known many masters, but is associated chiefly with the daring exploits of the historic Wallace, one of whose many massive two-handed swords is now among the relics in its armory. It also figured conspicuously in the romantic history of the beautiful but unfortunate Queen Mary. It is even yet a fortress of considerable strength and commands the passage of the river.

A little way above this is the ivy covered end of a very old wall said to have been built by the Romans, and upon this a plain monument erected to the memory of Henry Bell, who launched the first steamer on the Clyde. A few miles further up on the opposite side of the river, we pass the home of the poorest lord in Scotland. As we see his fine residence in the midst of a beautiful park of more than a hundred acres, we cannot help but feel sorry for the poor fellow compelled to live in such a place, and our hand involuntarily reaches into our pocket to contribute a penny or two to relieve his distress. On either side of the river are carefully cultivated and very productive fields, which yield crops of hay, that are a wonder to American eyes.

As we near Glasgow, yards for building iron ships are on either side, and the constant clang of hammers is deafening. More than half the iron ships afloat are Clyde built, and although the times are hard in England as well as in America, we saw nearly one hundred on the stocks in various stages of completion. It is with the greatest difficulty that the Clyde,

which is only a small river, can be kept open for steam navigation. A large number of dredges are constantly employed in deepening the channel. This work, which must be continually done over, is a great tax upon the city of Glasgow, but she cheerfully assumes it, for her supremacy depends on keeping the Clyde open to ocean steamers.

By the help of two tugs, one at each end of the steamer, we work our way slowly up the narrow stream, and when within a few miles of the city our vessel becomes firmly fastened in the mud, the prow and stern on opposite banks. We are transferred to a tug, and our baggage to another, and there we leave our grand steamer, which has carried us so proudly over the ocean, ignominiously stuck in the mud in the little Clyde, and with many a regret at parting with her under such circumstances and so near her destination, we steam up to Glasgow.

After passing the Custom House, that bug-bear of travelers, we are at our hotel, a genuine American house. The wife of the proprietor is an American, and all the furniture which is new and of the Eastlake pattern, came from America, the greater part being made to order at Grand Rapids, Michigan. The familiar look of things makes it seem almost as if after our long voyage we had landed on American soil. And here in the midst of these surroundings, at the very threshold of the old world and all it has in store for us, we sleep soundly our first night on the dry land of the trans-Atlantic world.

CHAPTER II.

THE SCOTTISH LAKES AND STIRLING CASTLE.

GLASGOW has a remarkable history. A hundred years ago it was a small city of less than 50,000 inhabitants and without importance, but to-day it is the commercial metropolis of Scotland, and has a population of 600,000. Its inhabitants have shown a remarkable enterprise in building up manufactories, and in developing the mineral resources of the neighboring counties. The almost numberless tall chimneys with their clouds of smoke, and the continual noise of numerous iron works, remind us of our own Pittsburgh.

To the tourist the city has few attractions. The chief of these is the old Cathedral, which was built in the twelfth century and is one of the few in all Scotland which survived the mad fury of the populace during the times of the Reformation. The building is very large, more than three hundred feet long, and most of its carvings and interior decorations are in a fine state of preservation. Its crypts are the finest and most massive of any in the kingdom. But the pride of the cathedral is its beautiful, great, stained-glass windows, of which it has forty-four, from twenty-five to thirty feet in height, each representing some well known Bible event. These windows were made about ten years ago at Munich, and are the perfection of modern art. Adjoining the Cathedral is the Necropolis, or Cemetery, beautifully laid out and containing many fine monuments. Conspicuous among these is one to John Knox, whose body, however, is buried at Edinborough. We noticed also

that of John Dick, the eminent theologian. Other things in the city, worthy of mention, are George Square with its colossal monument to Sir Walter Scott; Glasgow Green containing a fine monument to Nelson, England's favorite hero; and the New University buildings. In one of the poorest streets of the old city we are shown the quarters once occupied by Cromwell.

The most noticeable thing about the city to an American just landed, is the massiveness and solidity of the buildings, for they are mostly of cut stone with tile or slate roofs. There are almost no buildings made of wood and but few of brick, and the streets are all paved with stone. This gives an impression that the city is built to stand for all time and accords with our generally accepted opinion of Scotch thoroughness. Yet miles and miles of streets with stone houses and stone paving, everything stone, gives the city a monotony of dull color which finally becomes wearisome, until the eye longs for something bright and even for a little outside paint.

Strolling down to one of the public squares, one evening, a member of our party found an excited crowd of two or three hundred working men discussing the merits of Protestantism and Catholicism. One had been making a speech on the subject and was reading proof passages from a small copy of the Testament. Some one gave notice that the next night there would be a discussion on the favorite Scotch theme—Foreordination. In what American city, or any city in the world outside of Scotland, will you find day laborers discussing until late at night questions in theology and metaphysics?

The increased length of the day, owing to extreme northern latitude, becomes plainly noticeable, for I was able to read fine

print by daylight after 10 o'clock at night, while daybreak comes about 2 o'clock. Indeed in clear weather the morning and evening twilight almost overlap. The policeman with his pot-shaped cap is everywhere, a constant terror to evil-disposed small boys, who at once take to their heels when the cry is raised, "The Bobbies are coming." I knew a worthy American lady who on her first day in Glasgow, in an innocent way asked, "What kind of a musical instrument is a bobby?"

Leaving Glasgow by early train we soon reach Balloch, on Loch Lomond, where we take steamer for Inversnaid, near the opposite end of the lake, a sail of nearly thirty miles. A Scotch mist as it is politely called, (we should say a rain storm) soon settled down upon us, and although it was the fourth of July, and we had on our overcoats, we were shivering in the cold wind. The Highlanders have a saying that "When Ben Lomond puts on his night cap the rain will come down," and as we looked up toward the mountain and saw his head obscured with clouds, and the rain falling around us, we decided that there *are* weather signs which are true. Sailing up the lake which is surrounded by Scotland's highest mountains, we are in the midst of scenery scarcely equalled by any lake in Europe, Maggiore in Italy alone excepted.

Nearly every mountain pass, rock and village is associated with some of Scott's characters. We see Balloch Castle, beyond a ruined fortification, a traditional stronghold of Fingal; a beatiful wooded island, the deer park of the Duke of Montrose; Rob Roy's prison; the rock from which he dipped refractory captives in the lake until they were willing to pay the required ransom; and his cave, which also sheltered Robert the Bruce. Near Inversnaid is the ruin of a fort once commanded by General Wolfe, the hero of Quebec.

At Inversnaid we take coaches for Stronachlacker, on Loch Katrine. These coaches are the few remaining from the famous old English coach system, the drivers being dressed in red coats, plug hats and high top boots, as in the good old times before railroads were known, and when the coach was the pride of the Englishman. The four horses are started up the steep hill at a full run amid a fearful snapping of whips and a greater display of style than we had supposed the solid and sensible Englishman ever allowed himself to use. About this snapping of whips, I have yet to see the country in Europe where the drivers of all sorts of pleasure carriages are not provided with long whips which they delight to snap almost constantly. It seems to be a sort of understood arrangement between the driver and his horses, that the cracking of the whip means nothing more than to give the passengers the impression that the driver is whipping up his horses and going very fast.

Shortly after leaving Inversnaid we pass the ruins of the house in which Helen McGregor, Rob Roy's wife, was born. The drive of two hours was over a desolate country, in the midst of high mountains whose sides are covered for the most part with heather, that merciful provision of nature for concealing unsightly rocks and rugged mountain sides. Occasionally there was a little pasturage for sheep and a wretched looking stone house. The trees were few in number and mostly scrub oaks. Peat, which is abundant, is the only fuel. To an American the country looks forlorn, and it is his constant wonder why any one should fight either to gain or defend it.

The little steamer Rob Roy carries us over the pretty Loch Katrine, which reminds us strikingly of our own Lake George.

We pass "Ellen's Isle" and the "Silver Strand," where the fair heroine is represented as first meeting the Knight of Snowdoun. In less than an hour's time we are at the end of the lake near the "Goblin's Cave," where Douglas is represented as hiding his daughter when he took her from Róderick Dhu's island. For a mile we ride through the "Trossachs" or "Bristling Territory," a narrow, rugged gorge, so called from its many pointed rocks. This is the very center of the "Lady of the Lake" region, and filled with romantic interest. We pass Loch Achray and soon cross a small, single-arched bridge where,

> "And when the Brigg of Kirk was won
> The headmost horseman rode alone."

Soon after on an eminence

> "Duncraggan's huts appear at last,
> And peep like moss-grown rocks half seen
> Half hidden in the copse so green."

Not far beyond is "Coilantogle Ford," which was "Far beyond Clan Alpine's outmost guard," the scene of the encounter between Roderick Dhu and Fitz James.

Riding several miles farther we reach Callander, where the train for Stirling awaits us. Near Callander we pass through a forlorn looking village where the wretched inhabitants still speak only the original Gaelic. There is a settlement of the same kind near Stirling. This whole region through which we have been passing was studied carefully for years by Scott, as a preparation for his landscape descriptions in "Rob-Roy," "The Lady of the Lake," and "Waverly." The scene of Wordsworth's "Highland Girl" was also laid near Inversnaid. Deprived of these historic and romantic associations the region would lose much, if not all, of its interest.

On the way to Stirling we pass first Donne, with its ruined castle, formerly a resort of the imperial families of Scotland. Next comes Dunblane with its partly renovated, ruined cathedral, dating from 1100. One end of this has been roofed over and is used as a place of worship by the Presbyterians and the other in the same way by the English Church. It is interesting to us chiefly from Tannahill's song, "Jessie, the Flower of Dunblane." Two miles beyond is Bridge of Allen, a delightfully situated watering place, visited by 40,000 to 50,000 people annually. Just beyond Allan and not far from Stirling, on Abby Craig, 360 feet above the sea, is the beautiful Wallace monument, 220 feet high, modeled from the old Scottish baronial style.

A mile more and we are at Stirling, from whose lofty castle walls more historic territory can be seen than from any other point in England or Scotland.

History is unable to name a time when there was not a fort upon the lofty and precipitous rock on which Stirling castle is situated. A part of the present fortifications is known to have been built by the Romans. This splendid castle, the key to the land of the Scots, has been held time and again successively by the Scotch and English. Its last siege and capture was by General Monk, under the great Cromwell, in 1657. A long line of Scottish kings, from James the I. to the VI. occupied it. Kings were born here, crowned here and died here. From its lofty walls on a clear day twelve of Scotland's great battle fields can be seen, including Bannockburn, where Bruce with 40,000 men defeated 100,000 English, and won the independence of Scotland.

In the far distance Arthur's Seat, a mountain near Edin-

burgh, 40 miles away, is just in sight. The whole north is shut in by the Highlands, while to the south and east can be seen the mazy, winding course of the Forth, the richness of whose lands is embodied in an old proverb—"A crook of the Forth is worth an earldom of the north." To the south, as far away as the eye can reach, can be seen the flag staff erected upon the field of Bannockburn. Just below the castle is the field on which the tournaments used to be fought, and the ground yet shows the formation of the lists. As we looked down from the old walls upon the tilting ground we could almost see the gay equipments of armored knights, as they collected upon the field preparing for the combat. Part way down the rock is the Ladies' Seat, from which the ladies of the court viewed the contests of arms and feats of strength.

The high ramparts from which the whole surrounding country can be seen are named respectively Victoria's Look-out and Mary's Look-out. The former was a favorite place with the present queen and her consort during their visit in 1842. Their initials are cut on the walls, and the traveler is invited to stand upon the stone from which the queen viewed the extended landscape. At another angle, a few yards farther on is a small aparture through which Queen Mary is said to have witnessed the passage at arms between the knights in the tournament field. Under the castle are many dungeons, in one of which Rob Roy is said to have been confined.

The castle consists of many buildings, erected at various times, in different styles of architecture, and for various purposes. The most interesting of them all to the traveler is the Douglas Room, or the Star Chamber. In this room James II stabbed the too powerful Earl of Douglas, at the close of a

heated discussion, after which his attendants dragged the body into a closet and threw it from a window into the moat below. The skeleton of a man in armor, dug up under the window nearly 350 years after, tends to confirm the tradition. The body was buried where it was dug up in front of the door under the window. Scott, in his "Lady of the Lake," alludes to this.

> "Ye towers within whose circuit dread
> A Douglas by his sovereign bled."

The closet of the Douglas Room has a stained glass window with the Douglas Arms and the motto—"Look Sickar." A door from this closet leads to an underground passage which has been explored a considerable distance.

Among the curiosities in the Douglas Room are the communion table (dated 1500) used in the castle by John Knox, and the pulpit from the Chapel Royal, called Knox's Pulpit. They are both very shabby and dilapidated, and it will be necessary to have new ones soon. There are some chairs which belonged to James II. and James VI. which are more rickety and uncomfortable than when I sat in them five years ago, and an oak model of the old Scottish Crown, which was such a poor fit for me that I can now better see the force of the saying—"Uneasy rests the head that wears a crown." There is also a collection of battle-axes, kettle drums, Lochaber axes from Bannockburn, a Royal tilting lance of James VI., and a collection of rusty and badly used up pikes.

As we wander for hours through this venerable relic of the past, now shabby with neglect, and shorn of all its elegance, it seems to us only like the skeleton of that living past, the beauty and glory of which has departed, never to return. As

we sit on the massive walls and look out upon the fields which have been stained with the blood of thousands, now waving with a rich and plentiful harvest, as we explore the massive dungeons formerly filled with the groans of tortured prisoners, now only echoing the footsteps of the curious traveler, we can but rejoice that those days of mis-named chivalry are passed, never, as we hope, to return, and that man has found something nobler and better than to clothe himself in plated steel and take by might that to which he has no right.

The train for Edinburgh soon carried us out of sight of the lofty castle, which, as we sped away from it, seemed to stand like a grand monument to the heroic deeds which it had witnessed in the past.

CHAPTER III.

EDINBURGH.

TO English speaking travelers there is perhaps no place, except London, which contains so much of interest as Edinburgh. As Glasgow is the commercial metropolis of Scotland, so Edinburgh is its artistic and literary center. She can refer with pride to such a list of men distinguished in the intellectual world as few cities can equal. Sir Walter Scott, Robert Burns, Dugald Stewart, Hume, Playfair, Professor Wilson, Dr. Chalmers, John Knox, and a long list of others, who are associated with the city, have given it a place in the world's regard which it can never lose.

Like most cities of the old world, Edinburgh dates far into the past for its origin, and owes its location to its facilities as a stronghold. The high rock in the center of the city, upon which the castle is built, is so conspicuously a suitable place for a fortification, that we are not surprised to find that it was so used even before the Roman occupation of the island. For the last five hundred years there has been a castle on the rock with a town or city at its base.

The present city is located on both sides of what was originally a deep gorge, but which, in the course of time has been partly filled in, until now it is largely a pleasure ground known as Princes Street Gardens. The old city is on the castle side, while the new, which has mostly been built within the past hundred years, is on the opposite side of this garden. The three central points of interest in the city are the Castle, Calton Hill and Holyrood Palace and Cathedral.

Probably a majority of travelers visit the old Castle first, both because of its own attractions and for the sake of the fine view of the city which is obtained from it. The Castle, which is reached by a long carriage way, has been added to by successive Sovereigns, until it now consists of a large number of buildings, the most of which are without attraction to the traveler. We notice with interest the apartments occupied by Queen Mary, and the small, irregularly-shaped bed room, scarcely nine feet long, in which her son, James VI. was born, and from a narrow window of which he was let down in a basket, by a rope, to the base of the rock, nearly three hundred feet below, and taken secretly to Stirling to be baptized into the Catholic faith. Queen Margaret's Chapel, which is said to be the oldest edifice in the city, is a small building of the

purely Norman style, and is perfectly preserved. It remains just as in her times, with the exception of the oak floor, which has been renewed.

The crown room contains the jewels and regalia of the former kings of Scotland, which, while they have been worn by many famous in history, have brought disaster upon them all. The armory, like the museum in this city, and in other cities of Scotland, contains relics associated with nearly all her historic heroes. For instance, the number of two-handed swords which the brave Robert Bruce had is astonishing to the average modern man—who has not even one small one—if we are to accept as true the records of the various museums. The Palaces, Parliament Houses and other splendid buildings which have been built upon this rock at various times, have either been destroyed or despoiled of their ornaments and changed into soldiers' barracks.

On the walls of the Castle are many curious but obsolete and useless pieces of artillery, among them the huge "Mons Meg," a twenty-inch cannon, with an outer covering made of hoops driven on. It was made more than four hundred years ago, and burst firing a salute two hundred years ago. The fortress was once taken by a few men who with their heavy iron armor on, climbed up the steep side of the rock in the night and surprised the garrison. Of the crimes, romances and sieges of this famous old place, which have extended over a period of several hundred years, we have no time to speak, and indeed of themselves they would fill many volumes. From the different parts of the walls of the Castle the whole of the city and surrounding country for miles around can be plainly seen.

At the foot of Canongate street, on the opposite side of the old city from the Castle is Holyrood Palace. Its many rooms are divided in much the usual way into picture galleries, state rooms and private apartments, which in general are without special interest except those which are associated with the tragic life of the beautiful Queen Mary.

We are shown Lord Darnley's rooms, fitted up with great elegance for the time in which he lived, and containing his richly inlaid suit of armor and other relics. Adjoining are the apartments of Queen Mary. We are surprised at the small size of the supper room from which the luckless favorite, Rizzio, was dragged from the very feet of the Queen and murdered in the adjoining audience chamber. The guide attempted to show us the blood stains upon the floor in front of the little stairs down which the conspirators escaped, but after striking a light and examining the floor on our knees, we gave it up and suggested to him that it would save travelers a great deal of trouble and disappointment if some fresh blood were placed upon the spot occasionally. It requires a great deal of "faith" to be able to see the "ineffaceable" blood stains after the fading and scrubbing of more than three hundred years.

But to me the saddest of all were Mary's private rooms, which yet contain much of the furniture of her time and many memorials of her. On a little table by the window is her work box, with her needle work in it, as if she had laid it down but a little while ago. The bed in which she slept, which was once beautiful, in spite of care, is now rotting and dropping in pieces from the effects of time. The tapestries with which the walls are hung are faded but are in a better condition. All

the surroundings of the place have been kept as nearly as possible as she left them.

As we linger in these rooms and in the adjoining cathedral, which are filled with memories of history, where Mary married Darnley, where she listened in tears to the harsh reproof of Knox, where her favorite was so foully murdered, and where she afterward married Bothwell, it seems to us like looking over the long lost illustrations of some volume of history.

Connected with the Palace are the ruins of the old Abbey, which are even yet rich enough in ornament to show how magnificent it must have been in its prime. Within its now roofless and crumbling walls several of the minor kings and princes of the realm are buried. As we stand within this venerable ruin, with its walls so thick that its builders doubtless thought they would stand forever, and try to read the names and inscriptions on the time worn tablets, we cannot but think how vain are man's attempts to immortalize himself, and how soon even nature triumphs over all the works of man.

On the opposite side of the gorge from Holyrood is Calton Hill, on which are the Old and New Observatories, Nelson's monument, which from its peculiar shape has been called "a Dutch spy glass," and the unfinished National Monument to Scotland's soldiers who fell at Waterloo. This was modeled after the Parthenon at Athens, but proving too expensive the plan was abandoned after the work was partly done and the incomplete building is now nicknamed "Scotland's Folly." Upon or near the hill are monuments to Dugald Stewart, Prof. Playfair, David Hume and the Burns monument with its memorial room and mementos of the poet. The High School is also located part way down the hill.

There is no object more conspicuous as one looks over the city than the beautiful and costly Scott monument, which is on a commanding situation on one side of the Princes Street Gardens. It is two hundred feet high, in general appearance not unlike the spire of some great cathedral but is open at the base, covering a sitting figure of Scott, of heroic size. This and the Albert memorial at Kensington are the only monuments of their kind and they are most beautiful and appropriate. The new city has wide streets, fine residences, and many open squares, which are generally ornamented with statues of eminent men.

On and near Canongate street which extends practically from the Castle to Holyrood, are most of the places of interest in the old city. Near the Palace at the foot of Canongate, formerly stood Girth Cross, a place of public execution, now marked by a circle in the pavement. Just beyond is White Horse Tavern, which figures largely in "Waverly" as a place of meeting for English officers. It was also a famous place of meeting for Scotch wits, and here Dr. Johnson and Boswell had many a witty encounter. It is now used as a stable and hay loft. In the Canongate Cemetery, which is a small enclosure crowded in between high buildings are the tombs of Adam Smith, Dugald Stewart, Dr. Burney, and the two Fergusons.

We visit among other places John Knox's church and his house which joined it, a very quaint building projecting into the streets, with small windows high from the ground. It has been recently fitted up, and filled with mementos of the great divine, and is to be kept as a Knox museum.

A Sabbath day in Edinburgh on a former visit found us at-

tending service at Trow church, which is nearly two hundred and fifty years old, and the place where Annie Laurie was married. On High street, which is merely the continuation of Canongate formerly stood the massive old prison called the Tolbooth, built more than four hundred years ago. In the early part of this century it was demolished and its location marked by an immense heart made in the pavement. The prison long bore the quaint name of "The Heart of Mid Lothan" and contributed some incidents and the name to one of Scott's most fascinating novels.

St. Giles Church, at first a grand catholic cathedral with forty altars, with its beautiful coronal spire, was noticeable in early Protestant times for the preaching of John Knox, and for being the place where Jennie Geddes entered a vigorous protest against the course of the Dean of Edinburgh by throwing her stool at his head.

The open space between Parliament House and St. Giles was formerly a cemetery, but gradually was encroached upon, the tomb stones broken and removed, and at the present time is a paved court. John Knox was among those buried in this cemetery and the supposed location of his tomb is marked by a small marble in the pavement with the letters J. K. cut in it, and this is all the monument Edinburgh has yet given to one of her greatest men.

A visit to the courts of justice was of interest from the fact that everything was done with the utmost dignity and formality. The Judges were clothed in long black robes, while they as well as all the advocates wore white curly wigs which covered the whole tops of their heads.

Not far from here is the plain, three story house with bay

front which Sir Walter Scott occupied for twenty-five years. From a tomb stone in the old Gray Friars church yard we copied the following inscription on a tomb dated 1667:

> "Reader, John Milne who maketh the fourth John,
> And by descent from father unto son,
> Sixth Master Mason to a Royal Race
> Of seven successive kings, sleeps in this place."

But time fails us to mention the many substantial public buildings, churches, museums, hospitals, etc., with which the city abounds. In the old quarter the traveler can but notice the crowded tenement houses some of them twelve stories high which literally swarm with frowzy women and dirty children. These were built when the city was shut in by its ancient walls, and were once in the quarters of the nobility. But the pride of Edinburgh is in its great newspapers, its vast publishing houses and its justly claimed reputation as a literary center. It delights to be known as the "Athens of Scotland."

The traveler can but think how much not only Edinburgh but all Scotland owes to the genius and labor of Sir Walter Scott, whose magic pen has immortalized scenes and events, which, but for him, would long ago have passed from public remembrance. As it is, thousands of travelers from all over the world come annually to visit the places known to them by his writings, and to make real the scenery he has so truthfully described. Although Edinburgh has built to his memory a splendid monument, he has built for himself a nobler in the great book establishments which are engaged all the time upon the various editions of his works.

We can but admire the Scotchman for his industry, his intelligence, his integrity, his love of liberty and country, and for

all those sturdy traits which we naturally associate with his character. But if you deal with him remember that while he is honest to the bottom of his heart, one Scotchman is a match for any two Yankees, and that while he undoubtedly loves his American cousin and does not hesitate to tell him so, he will with a bow and a bland smile get the best of the bargain every time.

As we see them struggling so hard for a living on their almost barren hills, and think of the long, dark, snow bound winters through which they must pass, we feel like stretching out a hand to them and inviting them to come home with us to the enjoyment of better things. But without doubt their native heather-covered hills are as dear to them as our wide, fertile fields are to us, and if the best place in our grand western prairie should be given them, they would soon long for the rugged sides and cloud-covered peaks of their native Ben Lomond. No matter what the surroundings under which we are born and brought up, nature seems to have wisely placed in every human heart a response to the expression of the poet "Be it ever so lowly, there's no place like home."

CHAPTER IV.

THE LAND OF SCOTT.

THERE are few places in Europe which have been visited by more people or have been oftener or better described than Melrose Abbey. Hardly any one, of the slightest literary pre-

tentions, can be found who cannot recall a picture of it from some point of view. Probably there are not more than three or four ruins in all Europe which can compare with Melrose in interest. While it is a complete ruin, for it is unoccupied and without a roof even, it is yet in so perfect a state of preservation as to show its wonderful architecture, and to give a good understanding of what its beauty must have been before it was wantonly and wickedly destroyed. It has the additional charm of having its ragged and crumbling walls so covered with ivy, that beautiful mantle of nature, that the harshness and desolation of the ordinary ruin are entirely wanting, and from the dead past seems to have sprung a joyous and living present.

The structure whose ruins are so much admired, was commenced in 1326, although a building devoted to some form of religious worship had occupied the same place or the immediate vicinity for eight hundred years previous. At first the Abbey was a very small building, costing no more than two thousand pounds of the money of that period. It was occupied by a community of Cistercian monks, who were enjoined by the rules of their order to constant and faithful labor. They therefore engaged in agriculture, in transcribing and illuminating manuscripts, and particularly in the construction and ornamentation of the grand buildings whose ruins are now found all over England and Scotland. There is no better picture of patience and perseverance, than these pains-taking monks laboring faithfully year after year, with their own hands wielding the mallet and slowly cutting out those wonderful ornamental carvings of flowers, plants and curious and grotesque figures with which both the outside and inside of the

church were covered. Much of this work yet remains, which even after the storms of hundreds of years have beaten upon it, shows the wonderful delicacy and beauty it originally had.

Entering through an iron gate on the west side of the grounds we are at once in the midst of the ruins. On the right is a long corridor which is filled with curious old monuments, most of them so worn by time, that their inscriptions cannot be read. Passing partly through this and turning to the right, we enter the cemetery by a narrow doorway under the south window.

The whole south front is the best preserved side of any of the building, and although weather worn and decaying is grand in its proportions. On one of the towers can yet be seen a part of the face of the old clock, with part of one of the hands yet remaining. The paint has long since gone from its face and the boards even are cracked and weather worn. The venerable and aged face, as it were just dropping into the tomb, needs no inscription of *tempus fugit* to impress on us the fact that time flies.

Passing around to the east side we see the east window, which is a marvel of beauty as it stands in the ruined wall. It is fifty-seven feet high by twenty-eight broad, and is divided into five parts by perpendicular mullions, and these were subdivided into a large number of smaller sections by delicate stone work, much of which remains until the present day. On the extreme right the massive corner is entirely covered with a wonderful growth of ivy, which completely obscures the stone work and falls in gracefully sweeping curves toward the ground. On the ruins at the left, grass and flowers are growing, and on a corner of the wall a rose bush was in full bloom,

fifty feet from the ground, while birds were merrily singing and flying back and forth from their nests in the ivy and shrubbery on the ruined walls.

From within, the ruins are equally striking and impressive. Although the sky is now the only covering of the Abbey, one cannot look down its vast length and see what must have been the majestic spring of its grand vaulted ceiling, without feeling a thrill of admiration as he catches, in imagination, a glimpse of what must have been the beauty of the building when it was complete. In accordance with the Romish custom of the period in which the Abbey was built, the church is in the form of a Latin Cross, with a length of two hundred and fifty-eight feet and an extreme width of one hundred and thirty-seven.

Within the church are buried many men who were noted in their time. Here was interred Robert Bruce's heart, and here are the remains of the brave Douglas, the hero of Chevy Chase. Here is also the tomb of Scott's "Wizard of the North." Many of the inscriptions are very quaint, both in thought and expression. The brackets of a niche are supported by the figures of two monks with flowing robes, and on the fillet of one and beneath the other are the following nearly obliterated inscriptions, in abbreviated Latin: "Going whithersoever he would," and "When Jesus came the age of darkness ceased." Above the door of a stairway is a shield with a compass and this inscription:

> "As the compass goes straight around
> So does truth and loyalty, without doubt,
> Look to the end, quoth John Murvo."

On a small stone in the form of four horse shoes fastened

together, is the inscription, "Pray for the soul of brother Peter, the treasurer." Whether "brother Peter" had discovered the modern process of "hypothecating" the funds of the treasury and was afterward smitten with death-bed repentance, we do not know, as this is all the record he has left us.

The cemetery attached to the Abbey, which is now part of a sheep pasture, contains many half buried, half worn out monuments, and among them one tomb stone of as late date as 1858. On one of these ancient stones is this curious inscription:

The earth goes on the earth
Glistering like gold;
The earth goes to the earth
Sooner than it wold;
The earth builds on the earth
Castles and towers;
The earth says to the earth
All shall be ours.

Probably there is not one traveler in a thousand who is able to take Sir Walter Scott's advice to visit Melrose "by the pale moonlight," and indeed it is stated that he never made such a visit himself, but it can be readily seen that under the favoring light of a mid-summer moon the ruins would have a peculiar beauty, and call forth all the romantic and poetical in a man's nature. Melrose Abbey is one of those places where one would like to spend days instead of a few hours, and drink the inspiration which comes from its contemplation. Examine it as often as you please or return to it after an absence of years, and you will always find some new beauty in it.

"I do love these ancient ruins;
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history;

And questionless, here in these open courts,
Which now lie naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather, some men lie interred
Who loved the Church so well, and gave so largely to it,
That they thought it should have canopied their bones
Forever; but all things have an end,
Churches and cities, that have diseases like to men,
Must have like death that we have."

It is customary for us to look upon the time from the eighth to the thirteenth century as the "dark ages," and we think of the people of that time as but half civilized and engaged only in war and plunder, but when we see the ruins of the grand cathedrals and castles scattered all over Europe, we can but respect the rude energy of those ages, which spent itself partly in building and decorating these wonderful monuments of their industry. The more we see of the world and what has been done by those who have lived before us, the less conceit we have for our time, and the more respect for those who have lived hundreds of years before us.

From Melrose a drive of three or four miles along a pleasant English road bordered with hedges, brings us to Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott. Its castle-like towers do not come in sight until we are close to it, as the building is situated on low ground. The structure is a curious compound of castle and residence, and was built, or at least rebuilt to its owner's wishes. There are four or five rooms to which the public are admitted at twenty-five cents per person. Indeed it is as bad in Europe as at Niagara falls—you cannot get a sight of anything worth seeing without paying some one a fee.

We were first shown the library, a room at least fifty feet long, which contains books on all sides from floor to ceiling, some twenty thousand volumes in all. Here is the large leath-

er covered arm chair in which Sir Walter sat and the plain table at which he wrote. Joining this is a little study, with one small window, just large enough to comfortably hold a chair and table. In this room the great novelist did much of his hardest work. Connected with the library is the reception room which contains many portraits and curiosities presented to him.

Next to this is a room used as an armory, which contains a fine collection of weapons. Among the notable things in the armory we noticed Rob Roy's gun, marked with his initials; Roman spears; Montrose's sword; a pair of pistols taken from Napoleon's carriage at Waterloo; the armor of one of the kings of Scotland; the rusty keys of the old Tolbooth at Edinburgh, and a fine collection of modern and middle age arms from all over the world.

The entrance hall is also filled with curiosities. Here are several full suits of armor with lances in their iron hands, as if only waiting for the spirits of their former occupants to return. Here are also battle axes, maces, huge two-handed swords, spears, cross bows, and mementos from many of the fierce and bloody battles with which Scotland's history is filled. One of the rooms has a case containing the suit of clothes Scott wore at his death, the plaid trowsers, "Brother Jonathan" striped vest, the large shoes, the broad skirted green coat and his stout walking stick.

Among the pictures in the various rooms are "Beardie," one of Sir Walter's ancestors who let his beard grow for years untrimmed to show his sympathy for the dethroned Stuarts; a head of Mary, Queen of Scotland, said to have been sketched a few hours after her death by an artist who, in the assumed

character of an embalmer's assistant, gained admission to the room where the body was; a grim and stern Cromwell, and many others, the greater part family portraits. One room of curiosities consists almost entirely of presents made him by distinguished people. Among these a silver cup given him by Lord Byron is of special interest. The views from the rooms, particularly the library, are fine but not extended.

The exterior of the house is decorated with several memorial slabs from places of historic interest. The grounds are prettily laid out and are ornamented with statuary. A fine effigy of Scott's favorite dog Maida is particularly noticeable. In front of the old part of the house is the stone foundation of the old cross at Edinburgh which in former times on festal occasions flowed wine instead of water.

Language can hardly portray our thoughts as we lingered in these rooms so familiar to the great novelist whom we all admire. When we saw the books he read, the place where he studied and wrote, the mementos and weapons which he seemed to weave into his wonderful stories, it seemed as if we had been into the workshop of Vulcan and seen the material of which Jove's thunderbolts were forged. It brought home to us with more force than ever, that the true genius to which the world owes so much is not the spasmodic offcastings of some inspired mind, but what Dickens claimed as the sum of his genius—the genius for hard work.

With this visit to Melrose and Abbotsford, and with our love for the novelist greatly increased, we bid adieu for the present to Scotland.

CHAPTER V.

LONDON.

THE ride from Edinburgh to London, a distance of four hundred miles, is usually made in ten hours by the fastest trains, and for the most part is through a country which would delight our best farmers. The careful cultivation and abundant crops remind us of the land near our cities, and are indicative of a country long under subjection to man. Oats and wheat with an occasional field of barley are the usual grains. Root crops are largely in excess of what we raise in America, and sheep seem to us unusually numerous and fine.

As we near London the country becomes an almost continuous village filled with manufactories, and from ten to thirty tall chimneys can generally be seen at once. At the time of my former visit, five years ago, these were all in full operation, but at present at least half of them are not running, for hard times are felt in England as well as in America. Through these villages and the thickly settled suburbs we glide almost imperceptibly into the city itself, and end our journey at the Midland Depot, the largest and most expensive railroad depot in the world, which, with the hotel built as a part of it, cost ten million dollars.

London is a world in herself. A city of four million inhabitants, situated in a broad plain, upon both sides of a noble river, she has natural advantages which few places possess. So vast is she that one might walk her streets constantly for a month without retracing his steps. Everything made anywhere in the world can be found in London, while people

from all countries and nations are living within her limits, and there is nothing which art or science can produce which is not represented here. The very greatness of the city and the multitude of things of interest to be seen, fairly bewilder the traveler, so that, unless one has months at his disposal, at best it can be but a choice of a few places to be visited and a lingering regret that so much must be left unseen.

After a ride through some of the more celebrated streets to gain a general idea of the city, we commence our examination of things of particular interest with a large dingy looking stone building, blackened with centuries of London smoke, which stands in one of the most busy parts of the city, itself filling an entire square. As we approach St. Paul's Cathedral and enter it, we are impressed particularly with its size and massiveness, and indeed it is the largest Protestant Cathedral in the world. The interior is very plain, strikingly so compared with Catholic cathedrals, its decorations consisting almost entirely of monuments and memorial tablets. Of these we may mention those of Howard the philanthropist, Turner the painter, Sir John Moore, Sir Christopher Wren, Benjamin West and Sir Joshua Reynolds. In the crypt are the remains of the Duke of Wellington and the paraphernalia of his funeral, including the funeral car made of captured cannon and weighing many tons. Near by is the monument of Lord Nelson, under which his body lies.

People who are enthusiastic and foolish enough next climb more than six hundred steps to the ball, where they are generally rewarded with a magnificent view of London smoke and fog extending as much as five hundred feet in every direction; but although they can see but little, they have the consolation

of knowing that they are nearly three hundred and fifty feet above the pavement.

We recall with pleasure a Sabbath service in the Cathedral conducted by that prince of pulpit orators, Canon Lyddon. The thoroughfare around the Cathedral is known as St. Paul's Churchyard, the longer side, a carriage-way, called the Bow, the shorter, a foot-passage, called the String. Between the Churchyard and Newgate street is Paternoster-row, the great center of the book trade. Here are the offices of Thomas Nelson & Son, and Blackwood's Magazine; and in this vicinity most of Shakespeare's plays were originally published. This locality has a special interest to Americans from the fact that the first book ever written on American soil was published at the "Grey-hound in Paul's Churchyard, 1608." Its author was no less a personage than Captain John Smith, of the colony of Virginia. Just off from this is the quiet little nook called Amen Corner.

Very near St. Paul's are the Old Bailey and Newgate, immortalized by the genius of Dickens. Going up Cheapside, one of the chief retail streets of London, we pass the great building known as the General Post Office, while a little farther up is King street, which brings us to Guild-hall, where are the ancient colossal wooden figures, Gog and Magog. Continuing up Cheapside we soon come to the open space in front of the Royal Exchange, which is emphatically the business center of London, as Charing Cross is the center of its fashion. I doubt if there is a spot in the world through which there is more travel by foot and omnibus than this, as eight main thoroughfares pour into it their ceaseless traffic. It is well worth a half-hour of one's time to stand on a corner here,

and also at the center of London Bridge, and see the unending stream of human beings and omnibuses which flows by. On one side of the Exchange is the Bank of England, and on the other the Mansion House.

The Bank of England covers eight acres of ground, has no outside windows, is a fortress which has withstood several sieges, has a capital of $70,000,000, and employs nearly one thousand clerks. Obtaining permission to visit the vaults, we see gold in heaps as plenty as iron in a blacksmith shop. We look over a railing into a court and see two men with a pulley lifting bags of gold into a wagon, and in one of the many rooms a wonderful little machine is at work, which weighs 35,000 gold pieces per day, and picks out every one which does not come up to the required weight.

In the Royal Exchange are some of the oldest insurance companies in the world, and also the offices of the celebrated "Lloyds," the ship insurers, whose "List" is authority everywhere in ship matters. Near the Exchange is a fine statue of George Peabody, the distinguished American merchant. On the opposite side of the open space is the Mansion House, the official residence of the Lord Mayor of London, and where, at his princely entertainments the highest nobles in the land can be found.

Not far from here is the Old Tower, which in former times was a fortress and prison, but is now used as a military curiosity shop and armory. It contains also the royal jewels, valued at about $15,000,000. It takes the best part of a day to go through the tower, with the gorgeously dressed official guides. It is especially interesting as the prison and place of execution of hundreds of England's noblest men and women.

Lady Jane Grey, Anne Boleyn, Raleigh, and many princes of England's royal families were put to death on Tower Hill. The Horse Armory, which is one of the finest known collections of ancient armory, contains rich suits displayed on equestrian statues, and arranged in chronological order, many of them the very armor worn by the kings whose reign they represent. In the armory are also breech-loading guns, revolvers, thumb-screws, beheading blocks and executioners' axes, all from early times, and curious ancient and modern weapons from all parts of the world. Within the walls of the Old Tower there has been enacted enough of romance and tragedy to furnish material for volumes.

Opposite the Tower is the entrance to the tunnel under the Thames, a dark, damp, circular iron hole seven feet in diameter, always to be avoided if possible. Walking along the bank of the river we soon come to the commodious Custom House buildings, and just beyond to Billingsgate fish-market, so graphically and truthfully described by Dickens. It is well worth one's time to visit it from 5 to 8 o'clock in the morning, and see and hear the indiscriminate mixture of fish, profanity, old women and slang. Fifteen minutes of it one summer's morning was all we wanted.

Just across the street, in one of the cheap temperance restaurants, of which there are many in London, we had a great bowl of coffee and a sandwich which would make a meal for a small family, for two pence. Not far from here is the monument, two hundred feet high, built on the spot where the great fire of 1666 commenced. Near Billingsgate is the celebrated London Bridge, which cost $10,000,000, and is probably the most crowded bridge in the world, as it is estimated that eight

thousand persons and nine hundred vehicles cross it per hour during the middle of the day.

Taking one of the swift Thames steamers at London Bridge, we go rapidly along the river under the many fine bridges which span it, past Cleopatra's needle, which is just assuming an upright position on the embankment, and land at Westminster Bridge, which is larger and finer than London Bridge, and are only a few yards from Westminster Hall and the Houses of Parliament. The Hall contains one of the largest rooms in Europe under one roof, and several apartments in which we found the high courts in session, while in the House of Lords we also found a committee of that body sitting as a Supreme Court. On a former visit we had the pleasure of attending a session of the famous Tichborne trial, which was held in one of these courts.

The Parliament House joins Westminster Hall, and is a beautiful and substantial structure. The chambers of the Commons and the Lords are at opposite ends of a fine hall, and are similar, with the exception that the House of Lords is elegantly furnished, while the Commons has none of the conveniences for the use of members to which we are accustomed in this country, not even places for writing being provided at the long benches on which the members sit.

Near this is Westminster Abbey, a not very noticeable structure, but yet one of the most interesting buildings in Europe, both on account of its antiquity and the illustrious names associated with it. The Abbey was founded by King Sebert, the Saxon, in 616, and has been used especially as a burial place of English Kings and distinguished men and women. It would take many pages of this volume to simply enumerate

those who have been honored with burial here, and we can only say that within its walls lie thirteen English Sovereigns and fourteen Queens, covering a historic period of more than twelve hundred years. In the Poet's Corner are the greater part of England's well known literary names, from Chaucer to Charles Dickens, whose tablet is in the pavement.

In another part of the building, happening to look on the pavement by our feet, we saw cut in small letters, "O Rare Ben Johnson," and this is all the monument and epitaph this great writer has or needs. There is no place on the earth which contains the remains of so many distinguished men, and few places where an American of education can spend a day with greater interest. We had the good fortune to hear Canon Farrar, the distinguished incumbent of the Abbey, as he took a party of friends through the building, showing them the things of greatest interest.

Taking the cars on the Metropolitan or underground railway, which makes the entire circuit of the city, a few minutes brings us to the South Kensington Museum and the Albert Memorial monument, at one corner of Hyde Park. The Museum, while it is not so large as the British, is yet a fine one, and is scientifically arranged. It has lately become distinguished for the Art School connected with it. What interested me most at my last visit was Dr. Schliemann's collection of Trojan antiquities, which has been on exhibition here since last Christmas.

In a small building adjoining is a museum of the Patent Office, containing among other things, "Puffing Billy," the first railroad engine ever made, used from 1813 to 1862; and also the "Rocket," the next oldest. There is here also the

old clock of Gastonbury Abbey, hammered out of wrought iron by a monk and set up in 1325. It is running yet and has not been repaired except to supply two or three wheels which were *lost*. Besides the hour of the day it keeps several other records. One of the first Cornish engines used in the mines is in this collection. The place though small and dingy has many things of interest to those who care for mechanical curiosities.

The memorial erected to Prince Albert by Queen Victoria is very fine and in undisputed taste, excepting the gigantic gilt statue of the Prince. As a whole the monument has a general resemblance to the Scott monument in Edinburg.

We ride back toward the center of the city for more than a mile along Hyde Park, one of the many breathing places which London is fortunate in possessing, by Buckingham Palace gardens and the Palace itself, the city residence of the Queen of England, a large but by no means striking building, down the Mall beside the beautiful St. James Park to Charing Cross, the center of West End, the fashionable part of London. Near here are many of the finest residences in the city, and most of the aristocratic club houses.

At Charing Cross in Trafalger Square, is a magnificent monument to Lord Nelson, and along one side of the Square is the National Art Gallery. From Charing Cross the street is called the Strand, and is one of the most prominent thoroughfares in the great city. At Temple Bar, which was formerly a conspicuous landmark, and could be seen at a long distance from either side, the name changes again to Fleet street. The Bar was a rude arch thrown across the street where, in early times stood the posts or bars which maked the

boundary between London and Westminster. It was removed about two years ago, and we miss its familiar arch and the rusty iron hooks on which only a hundred years ago the heads of criminals were exposed.

Just as we enter Fleet street on the right is a former palace of Henry VIII and Cardinal Wolsey, which is now a hair cutting establishment. Fleet street was formerly a resort of literary men. Ben Jonson, Chatterton, Dryden, Milton, Goldsmith, and a host of others are associated with this historic street. The well known Mr. "Punch" also has his office here. At the foot of Ludgate Hill, the street again changes its name to Ludgate Circus, which extends to St. Paul's Cathedral, the place where we commenced our sight seeing.

If we now take a seat with the driver of an omnibus on Cheapside we can ride through Newgate, Holborn and Oxford streets, (the same unbroken street but with different names) a distance of many miles back to Kensington, and will have seen the entire length of the city, in a course, in general, parallel to that taken from Kensington to St. Paul's. On Oxford street we are near the British Museum, about which we can only say here that it is the largest and best museum in the world and is worthy all the time one can give it, if it be a month. It was recently proposed to issue a catalogue of the Museum, but the plan was finally abandoned because to simply name the different things in the collection would make several books as large as Webster's Unabridged.

Time permits mention of only a few of the most prominent places, which we had the pleasure of visiting, and allows no mention of the many places of interest which are within an hour's ride of the city. To any one born to the English lan-

guage there is no city in the world equal to London, for interest or improvement, and for weeks the traveler can wander through it familiarizing himself with places, persons and events which have been prominent in our common English history for the past thousand years. Although London is dingy and smoky, often obscured by dense fog, and rains are so sudden and frequent that it seems as if the inhabitants are born with umbrellas under their arms, she is a city to be loved by every American traveler, and to be left with regret.

CHAPTER VI.

BELGIUM.

THE horrors of the passage from England to the continent have never been over estimated. These countless discomforts arise from the fact that the steamers are small and inconvenient, and during the summer season generally carry two or three times as many people as they can accommodate. The following notice copied from a large poster on the deck of one of the steamers on which we made the passage this year, shows the general style of management of the channel steamers: "This quarter deck contains 1170 square feet and is certified for 130 first class passengers when not occupied by cattle, animals, cargo or other encumbrance." This is practically the nearest approach to the celebrated "Pig in the Parlor" theory I have ever seen.

The route from London to Flushing, in Holland, is pleasanter now than at our passage five years ago, for new and better steamers ply between the places. This year, however, there has been so much more travel than usual that even the new boats are over crowded. The passage is made in the night, and in the early morning the low shores of Holland are in sight, and two hours later our steamer is between the embankments of the Scheldt. We can just see the church spires and chimneys of houses over the dykes, which indicates that the river level is a dozen feet above the streets of the city. Taking cars for Antwerp we at once realize that we are in a foreign country.

The strange gutteral Dutch and old Flemish which seem to fill the air around us, the dykes extending away as far as the eye can reach, the squatty, tile-covered houses, the ditches and rows of trees which take the place of fences, the little patches of different kinds of grain which seem to fly by as the train moves along, and most of all the short, broad, big-footed women wearing wooden shoes, and doing most of the work in the fields, all are so different from what we see at home that the traveler cannot but be greatly interested. The crops grown are largely wheat, barley and potatoes. No cattle are in sight pasturing, as land here is too valuable. Most of the amimal labor is done by cows or donkeys. Careful cultivation and economy of land is especially noticeable. No spot large enough to raise a hill of potatoes even is uncultivated, and grass is harvested almost up to the track of the railroad.

As we near Antwerp the dykes are not so high and finally nearly disappear and there is occasionally a low hill. We at length pass through heavy fortifications and enter Antwerp,

which although it has experienced the many vicissitudes of a varied fortune is now on the whole the most important city of Belgium. In the sixteenth century it was the most wealthy and prosperous city on the continent, surpassing even Venice. It received its death blow, commercially, in the wars with Spain.

Driving from the depot to our hotel we see strange things on every side of us. The great draft horses which we pass, (celebrated the world over) have immense collars running up to a point two feet above the horses' shoulders while the traces are generally made of ropes. Small loads are drawn by cows, donkeys or dogs and frequently by men and women. A team of five dogs drew a cart of wood which would be called by an American farmer a good load for one horse. Most of the streets, particularly of the old city, are narrow and winding. The upper stories of the houses frequently project over the lower, and at the corners of the streets there are often little shrines built into the second stories of the houses.

Artistically, Antwerp is famous as the birthplace and home of the artist Van Dyck, as one of the several places in which it is claimed Rubens was born, and as the center of the celebrated Flemish School of Art, which in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was of world wide repute. Like every continental city of the least pretentions, Antwerp has a cathedral dating back for its foundation from four hundred to eight hundred years ago, a good assortment of churches, which the tourist is compelled to visit or be considered a lunatic, and museums and so-called art galleries sufficient to worry the life out of the average man if he consents to see them all. The cathedral contains Rubens' far-famed masterpiece, the

Descent from the Cross, which ranks among the first three or four paintings in the world.

The museum, the finest art gallery in Belgium, contains six hundred pictures a number of them by Rubens and Van Dyck. Nearly all the paintings are ancient and have been mostly taken from the suppressed monasteries. If the traveler generously gives a day to the Museum he will go through at the rate of five pictures in three minutes, which will just about give him time to find the name in the catalogue and the picture on the wall, and leave him no time to look at the painting.

A chime of eighty-two bells in the tower of the Cathedral almost without interruption from morning to night grinds out the most solemn and long-winded Dutch tunes. In the Church of St. James there is some of the finest and most intricate work ever executed in marble.

Within the past forty years the old fortifications of the city have been removed and a fine boulevard, with some of the way three carriage drives and four foot ways, has been made in its place. The same thing has been done in Brussels, Vienna, Paris and many smaller cities of Europe.

One morning a friend and myself arose early and went to the market, which, like those in most continental cities, was held in the center of an open square. Here shortly after daylight country people come with vegetables for sale, which they place on the pavement. There were in the market, carrots, cabbages, peas, very large gooseberries, strawberries, pears, fine apricots, potatoes, currants, large quantities of beautiful black and red cherries, and two or three vegetables which were new to me.

The greater part of those who kept the market as well as

those who came to buy were women, the most of whom were coarsely and plainly dressed, and showed in their every look and motion the pernicious effects of too much heavy work. For ten cents we bought a hat full of cherries, and were given a cabbage leaf as large as a napkin in which to do them up. We had an occasional sight of those wonderful hats of which we have all seen pictures, which look like—well anything—say a Dutch lugger after she has been through a hurricane. We also saw one woman with the ancient Flemish head ornaments, consisting of a broad gold band about her forehead, very long ear rings which hung down resting on her shoulders, and curious gold spiral springs in her hair, on that part of her head where, in my boyhood it was fashionable for young ladies to plaster down the fascinating spit beau-catcher.

Brussels is only twenty-seven miles from Antwerp, and yet, contrary to what one would expect, they are each cities of nearly 200,000 inhabitants. In reaching Brussels we have to pass through the little town of Vilvorde, where William Tyndale, one of the celebrated translators of the Bible, suffered martyrdom, and through Malines, of which the old monks said in language more terse than complementary: *Gaudet Mechlinia stultis*, "Malines rejoices in fools." This reputation arose from the story that the citizens once saw the moon shining brightly through their tower, and mistaking it for a conflagration the whole city turned out with their engines to extinguish the fire.

Brussels is a more beautiful city than Antwerp, and is often called a miniature Paris. It also has an added importance as being the capital of Belgium. The building in which the two houses of government hold their annual session is one of the

richest and most tasty public buildings I have ever seen. No private house could be better cared for or kept in nicer order. Imagine, if you can, ye professional American law manufacturers, a committee room with a heavy velvet carpet, and not a spittoon in sight, or a stain of tobacco on the floor. It was our good fortune five years ago to attend a meeting of the Belgium Chamber of Deputies, or as we would call it, House of Representatives. The members seemed to be nearly all talking at the same time, and there were at least eight hundred French words in the air every minute, to say nothing of the countless gestures and contortions which each of the honorable members contributed to the occasion.

The public buildings, churches, art galleries, museums, squares, and lace factories of Brussels are all of interest to the traveler, nor will he forget to pay a visit to the battle-field of Waterloo, only nine and a half miles distant.

Of the art galleries, one, the Wiertz Museum, is worthy of special mention, both from the merits of the paintings and from the fact that it is made up entirely of the work of the one man whose name it bears.

From Brussels to Cologne, on the Rhine, is nearly an all-day's ride, passing through Liege, famous for its University with eight hundred students, and as the place where all the arms of the Belgium Government are manufactured, and through Aix-la-Chapelle, the favorite residence of the great Emperor Charlemagne. Our route takes us across some of the finest agricultural districts of Europe, and at times for miles we pass through unbroken fields of grain. For the first time we see the distinctive features of German farm-life—the inhabitants living in villages about three miles apart, and going

out every morning to work in the fields. The social German cannot endure the solitary monotony of the American way of living on a farm.

May not the gradual adoption of this plan in our country go far towards solving the question so frequently and earnestly asked—" How can the boys be kept on the farm ?"

Many of these villages have walls about them, relics of the feudal times, when no man's property was safe unless he had a fort built around it.

CHAPTER VII.

UP THE RHINE.

THE most interesting thing about Cologne is its magnificent Gothic Cathedral, whose foundation was laid more than six hundred years ago, and the building is not yet completed. Parts of it have been used at various times during several hundred years for church purposes, and the entire structure was converted by Napoleon I. into a hay magazine. In 1842 the work of restoring and completing the grand edifice was commenced by government,and since then more than $3,500,000 have been expended in this way. At the present time there are about four hundred men employed, and it is thought the building will be completed within two years. The intended height of the main tower is five hundred and eleven feet, which will be the loftiest known work of man. A bell weighing twen-

ty-five tons has been recently cast for the Cathedral from cannon captured from the French in the last war. The stained glass windows and various interior decorations are fine and worth the careful attention of the tourist.

The church of St. Ursula is said to contain the bones of the eleven thousand virgin attendants of St. Ursula, who were slaughtered by the Huns in the year 450, and buried here. A large part of the interior walls of the church is ornamented with boxes of these bones. There are several hundred bushels of them in all, and a more ghastly sight can scarcely be imagined. The treasury of the church contains memorials of the Saint, her sarcophagus, her arm and skull, a gold ring which she wore, and the arrow with which she was killed. Among other sacred relics we are shown an alabaster jar from the marriage supper at Cana, some of the bones of St. Stephen, and two thorns from our Savior's crown.

On our former visit we spent a Sabbath in the city, and had a good illustration of the way it is observed in Catholic German cities. Walking through one of the principal streets, we found most of the shops open, and all kinds of business going on much as usual. Soon there came along a Jesuit procession of several hundred men, women and children, in holiday attire with banners, lighted candles and a brass band. The shops were closed temporarily, oak branches scattered in the street, innumerable little flags hung out, images brought to sight, little shrines lighted, and flowers cast under the feet of the priests who were heading the procession. As soon as it was past business went on as before. There were formal services in the cathedral and the many churches. In the afternoon and evening there were music, dancing and drinking in a large beer

garden connected with our hotel on the bank of the river. The revelry, including the playing of a large band, was kept up until nearly midnight, when the entertainment ended with a fine display of fireworks. The Sabbath here, as generally on the Continent, is a great holiday.

Probably not one traveler in a hundred escapes the importunities of some of the dozen or more Farinas, who each claim to be the only descendant of the original John Farina, who first manufactured the *Eau de Cologne*. We had the good fortune to get two or three of them pulling hair over the important question of which was *the* Farina, and then escaping while the battle was raging fiercest. The city is so dirty and has so many decided and distinct smells, that we could not but think that they had a good home market for all the "Cologne" which they are likely to manufacture for some time to come. The beauties of the city of Cologne must be taken in through any of the senses rather than that of smelling.

Leaving Cologne by steamer, there is little of interest until we reach the University town of Bonn, which was one of the first fortresses of the Romans on the Rhine, and was frequently mentioned by Tacitus. The University buildings, like those of all the great educational institutions of Germany, are insignificant and unworthy a visit, unless the traveler learns from it that a great University does not consist in fine buildings but in distinguished professors.

A little above Bonn we come to the Seven Mountains, of which the most noted, Drachenfels, or Dragon's Rock, is mentioned by Byron, as

> "The castled crag of Drachenfels,
> Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine."

From a ruined castle on its summit there is one of the finest and most extended views on the whole Rhine. In the side of the mountain toward the river can be seen the mouth of the cave in which there once lived a terrible dragon, who ate half a dozen men for his dinner every day, and was worshiped by the idolators who lived in the vicinity. But a beautiful captive Christian maiden was once given to him as a part of his daily rations, who held the cross toward the monster as he opened his mouth to receive her, which so terrified him that he sprang into the Rhine and was never seen more. In proof of the story you can see with your own eyes, as you sail along the river, the entrance to the cavern in which the monster lived.

Just beyond, on the other side of the river, are the mountain and ruined arch of Rolandseck castle, opposite the island of Nonnenwerth, which was built by the brave Knight Roland on his return from the Crusades, in order that he might overlook the convent on the island in which his lady love had taken refuge, when she heard the rumor of his death. This beautiful legend of his knightly devotion is the subject of one of Schiller's finest ballads, "The Knight of Toggenburg."

At Linz are extensive quarries of basalt, which is here found in hexagonal columns of from three to ten inches in diameter. These columns are used largely in the construction of dykes in Holland. Neuwied received the Moravians after their expulsion from Moravia during the thirty year's war, and from this center they have spread over the whole world.

In half an hour more we are at the beautifully situated city of Coblentz, at the junction of the Rhine and Moselle. On the opposite side of the river is the Gibraltar of the Rhine,

the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, which is practically invulnerable. It can be defended by 500 men and can accommodate 100,000, and its magazines will contain provisions for 8,000 soldiers for ten years. Twelve miles from Coblentz is Ems, the favorite resort of the German Emperor, where, in 1870, King William brought on the French war by his sharp reply to an obtrusive French embassador. Coblentz was the birth place of the distinguished Austrian Prime Minister, Prince Metternich. From Coblentz to Bingen, a distance of thirty-seven miles, is the finest scenery on the Rhine.

Three miles above Coblentz is the castle of Stolzenfels, on a precipitous rock rising three hundred feet above the river. As early as 1200 it was a famous castle, but two hundred years ago it was destroyed by the French and left in ruins until within fifty years, when it was presented to the present Emperor William, by whom it was rebuilt. Queen Victoria was entertained here in 1845. It commands one of the finest views on the Rhine. On our right towers the almost conical mountain on which the castle of Marksburg is perched, 485 feet above the Rhine, the only middle age fortress on the river which has escaped destruction.

Scattered through Boppard are a number of those strange old German houses with the frames on the outside of the buildings. This part of the Rhine is much frequented by artists in search of the quaint and picturesque. Like several other places on the Rhine in early times it boasted a Lodge of the Knights Templar, whose heroes are mentioned in records of the Crusades.

Just above, on the opposite side of the river, crowning adjacent spurs of the same mountain, are the ruins of two castles,

called The Brothers. These were occupied by two brothers who loved the same maiden. Heinrich generously went to the Crusades and left the prize to Conrad, who finally growing weary of her, also went to the Crusades, and suddenly returned with a Grecian bride. This broke the heart of the deserted wife, who shut herself up in her castle and refused to see any one. Late one evening a strange knight claimed the hospitality of the castle. He proved to be Heinrich, and at once resolved to avenge her wrongs. He challenged Conrad to single combat, but just as with battle axes raised on high they were about to chop each other into sausage meat, the sad lady interposed and insisted on a reconciliation, to which they reluctantly consented, while as was usually the case the injured lady retired to a convent which was always conveniently near. The Greek bride of Conrad very properly soon deserted the rascal and he finally became reconciled to his brother. They lived together in one of the castles and had a good time all their lives, while the innocent and much injured faithful wife got what comfort she could from a life passed within the narrow walls of the convent. If I could have had the shaping of this legend I should certainly have rewarded the beautiful woman with a first class emperor for a husband, and had her spend her days in both the castles, and made Conrad carry water on his back from the Rhine to the Castle eighteen hours per day, and given him only cold beans and crusts of bread from the servants' table.

Towering nearly four hundred feet above St. Goar is the castle of Rheinfels, the largest and most imposing ruin on the Rhine. Opposite St. Goar are the lofty rocks of the Lorelei, and here the Rhine is the narrowest and most winding in its

course, and has a depth of seventy-five feet. Upon this mountain dwelt a syren who appeared with wondrous form and beauty and lured passing sailors to destruction in a whirlpool at its base. Modern engineering has removed the most dangerous part of the rock, and this part of the river is now feared only by very small boats.

Around the first bend in the river a ledge of rocks in the bed of the stream, visible at low water, is called the Seven Virgins. In the neighboring castle of Schoneberg, long since in ruins, lived the seven beautiful daughters of a brave knight. They played the mischief with the hearts of the noble young men in the surrounding country and ended by jilting them all. The stony-hearted flirts were one day on the river in a boat, when the god of love, enraged at them for their unwomanly conduct, wrecked their frail craft and sank them in the river, in order I presume to soften their hearts. But they seemed never to have relented but rather to have petrified, and are now a sad warning to all young ladies never to refuse an eligible young man.

Above Caub, on a ledge of rocks in the middle of the river is the small and well preserved castle of Pfalz, which has only one entrance, and that reached by a ladder. It was built for the purpose of levying toll on passing boats.

Above Lorch rises a high and nearly perpendicular rock, called the Devil's Ladder, which a knight is said to have scaled by means of a long ladder built by dwarfs, in order that he might rescue a fair lady who had been abducted by evil spirits.

From this point to Bingen, a distance of some seven miles, is the culminating place of the beauty of the Rhine, and there

are from nine to twelve ruined castles in sight all the time, ending with the celebrated Mouse Tower of the cruel Bishop Hatto, built on a ledge of rocks in the bed of the river.

Mrs. Norton's familiar poem:

"A soldier of the legion lay dying in Algiers,"

has made Bingen famous. Above here the character of the country changes very rapidly, the hills recede from the river, and we are in the finest grape and wine section of the Rhine. The famous Johannesberg vineyard, of forty acres, which produces the finest wine on the river, is just above Bingen. In its best years it has given its owner a revenue of $1,000 per acre.

From Bonn to Bingen there are ruins of a large number of watch towers, of which we have made no mention. These were generally built close to the river and were usually circular. The vine is cultivated all along the Rhine wherever there is a southern exposure, and the suddenness with which the vineyards change from one side of the river to the other, as the stream changes its direction, is very noticeable to an American. In many places the hillsides are terraced up to the very top and planted with the vine. This is particularly the case with the great mountain opposite Bingen, where the expense of preparing the ground, and there are several hundred acres of it, must have been thousands of dollars per acre. The whole Rhine district shows long continued and careful cultivation.

The American naturally institutes a comparison between the Rhine and the Hudson, and travelers are not at all agreed in their preferences. There are plain, practical men who look upon a ruined castle merely as an old stone pile, and for whom

the scenery and the legends have no charm. They cannot see a prosperous city or a good farm from Bonn to Bingen, and so are loud in their denunciations of the Rhine as one of the many swindles to which travelers are subjected in a foreign land, and profess they would enjoy a ride along the Erie canal better. Such men ought not to waste their time and money abroad and disgrace respectable Americans in the eyes of foreigners.

From Bonn to Bingen, a ride up the river of some eight hours, the traveler is constantly interested in the ever changing picture before him. The narrow, winding river, the steep hills rising often abruptly from the water, the scores of ruined castles nearly all with their legends, the watch towers and modern castles one or more of which are almost constantly in view, the quaint little German villages crowded in between the hills and the river, and the strangeness of everything one sees, makes the day up the Rhine one of the most enjoyable the traveler will have abroad. The river here is not so large as the Hudson, and hence does not have that grand and powerful sweep with which the Hudson flows along.

If the reader can imagine some ninety miles of river like the Hudson along West Point and Stony Point, every mile or so crown the highest and often the most inaccessible peaks with ruined castles, scatter strange looking villages along the banks, cover the steep mountain sides with little patches of vines, or different kinds of grain, and weave around the whole the accumulated history and romance of twenty centuries, he will have something of an impression of the varied beauties of the Rhine.

We well remember how one of our party, a straight-forward

business man of the greatest intelligence and good sense, and without a partical of "sentimental gush" in his make up, sat all day on the deck of the steamer, taking in the varied beauties of the river, and could not even be induced to go below long enough to get his dinner. Our second ride up the Rhine gave us even more pleasure than the first, and it was with sincere regret that we left the steamer at Biebrich, and took carriage for Wiesbaden, which we reached late in the evening.

CHAPTER VIII.

GERMAN WATERING PLACES.

WIESBADEN is one of the oldest watering-places in Europe, for it was known to the Romans, as Pliny speaks of its hot baths. It is now a city of more than 40,000 permanent residents, while some 60,000 travelers and invalids visit here annually. It is pleasantly situated on high ground a few miles back from the Rhine, and is surrounded by a well cultivated, rolling country. A view from any elevation in the city shows a region which reminds an American of the better parts of New England. The city consists of an old and a new part—the old with narrow, crooked streets and all the peculiarities of venerable continental cities; the new, which is built around the old, with wide, straight streets and fine shops and residences. The most important hot spring of the several within

the city is connected with one of the main avenues by a long covered walk.

The water of this spring, of which chloride of sodium, common salt, is the chief ingredient, comes to the surface with a temperature of 156° Fahr., and is carried to various bathing houses in the vicinity. The waters are particularly beneficial in cases of rheumatism and gout, and the great number of invalids being wheeled around in rolling chairs is a sad contrast to the otherwise pleasure-seeking appearance of the visitors. If you wish a drink of good Wiesbaden mineral water you can have it at home by taking a glass of hot water, and putting in it a teaspoonful of salt, and a piece of kitchen soap about the size of a pea. After it is thoroughly mixed sit under the shade and struggle with it until you swallow it, if you can, and you will have a good idea of the taste of the water.

The chief attraction, however, of a German watering-place is the Cursaal, which, in general, is a fine large building containing a concert hall, a ball room, a reading room, refreshment rooms, and other apartments for the convenience of visitors. In the Cursaals were the great gambling establishments in the times when gambling was carried on publicly and on a grand scale.

During the season at a continental watering-place music is always furnished from once to four times per day. These bands, which are the finest in Europe, are engaged by the season, and paid by the city. Sometimes a tax is levied on every one who passes through the place, as at Interlaken, but generally a small admittance fee is required. The citizens of the place also contribute toward the support of the band, so that

in the end the city government is at but little expense. Those who remain for any length of time purchase at a very reasonable price the privileges of the place, including the use of hot spring water and admittance to all the concerts. These concerts are in the open air when the weather is favorable, at other times in the concert hall of the Cursaal.

In front of the Cursaal at Wiesbaden is a beautiful garden, lying between two long colonades, in which are a great number of small shops for the sale of jewelry and mementos. Back of the Cursaal is a small open space nearly covered with chairs, which is a favorite lounging place, and where the open air concerts are given. This is on one side of a little lake, beyond which is a park beautifully laid out in walks and drives. The reader can scarcely conceive anything more delightful than these open air concerts in pleasant summer evenings. He must be utterly without sentiment who cannot enjoy an hour in the moonlight in the seat under the great tree on the island, listening to the soft strains of exquisite music from the opposite side of the lake.

Life at Wiesbaden consists in drinking the water at from five to eight o'clock in the morning, lounging and smoking until dinner, driving until dusk, and attending the concert in the evening. There are many pleasant excursions in the neighborhood, by walking or riding, for those who are more actively disposed. There are few of those immense hotels which are the peculiar misfortune of our American watering places, but everywhere are "apartments," in which one can live with all the comfort and quiet of home. While undoubtly society has claims on people here, they do not appear to be as exacting as with us. In brief it seems as if people go to

Wiesbaden more for good solid comfort than for display. Americans are beginning to realize that the less ostentatious way of spending the summer is the better, and our smaller places among the mountains and by the seaside are rapidly filling up with a class of people who appreciate comfort and will have it.

Wiesbaden counts among its attractions a small army of the nobility, headed by the Emperor William and the royal family, and grading down to the innumerable minor nobles of the countless small provinces which are now amalgamated into the German Empire. These are here in such numbers that you can hardly draw a bow at a venture without hitting one. Amusements of all kinds are kept up on the Sabbath the same as on week days, and one Sabbath we noticed a large circus in full blast near our hotel.

On the route to Baden-Baden we pass through Frankfort-on-the-Main, which we give only a brief visit. It is an interesting city, presenting entirely different phases in the old and new parts. The new part is particularly fine, and the Jews' Quarter of the old part is a great curiosity. We pass the Hotel de Swan where Bismarck and Thiers signed the treaty at the conclusion of the Franco-German war, the house with projecting stories on the corner of the street in which Martin Luther lived for a short time, the small plain house in which Goethe was born, in 1749, the Jewish Synagogue said to be the richest Jewish congregation in the world, two open squares, one containing a fine monument of Guttenberg, the father of printing, the other of Goethe the poet, the Bourse or money market, and numerous cathedrals and public buildings. One of the most interesting parts of Frankfort is the old Jewish Quarter,

which has curious wooden houses many stories high. One of the most dilapidated of these is pointed out as the residence of the father of the distinguished Rothchild family.

Until 1806 this Jews' street was closed and locked every night and during holidays, and no Jew was permitted to appear in the city under penalty of a heavy fine.

Baden-Baden, which dates to as early an origin as Wiesbaden, is one of the most popular watering places in Europe, and has no rival in Germany except Wiesbaden. It is most delightfully situated on the little river Oos, just in the edge of the Black Forest, in the midst of well-wooded hills which only a short distance from the city rise into mountains. The general characteristics of the city are the same as those of Wiesbaden.

The chemical ingredients of the warm springs, and the complaints for which the water is considered beneficial, are nearly the same as have already been mentioned. Baden has its beautiful parks, its music, its Bazar and its Conversationshaus, or Cursaal, which is much finer than the one at Wiesbaden. This was built and fitted up by the lessee of the gambling privilege, and in this building were the gaming tables which were once so famous all over Europe. In 1872 public gambling was prohibited throughout Germany, and since then this beautiful building with its great rooms so gorgeously fitted up is used as a music hall and place for public entertainments.

Baden also has a fine theatre near the Cursaal, and on the other side of it a Trinkhalle where the water from all the springs is collected. This has a broad open portico, with large Corinthian pillars, and on large panels over the windows

back of the pillars are fourteen fine paintings of large size, representing some of those local legends with which nearly every German village abounds.

Baden, from its proximity to the Black Forest, which was supposed to be inhabited by all kinds of enchanters and spirits, is particularly rich in such legends. For a long distance through the city the Oos flows in an artificially made, stone covered channel, the center to which the water is confined most of the time being a gutter less than two feet wide and not more than six inches deep.

The park which extends for a long way up the stream, is kept in perfect order, but somehow our enjoyment of it received a chill, when one morning while taking an early walk we found as many as thirty old and middle aged women, bareheaded, sweeping the carriage ways and wheeling the dirt away in large barrows. Baden is certainly a beautiful place, and must be a delightful summer residence for a wealthy German. For a few days at least during the season, in common with three or four other summer resorts, Baden basks in the sunlight of imperial favor, and numbers the Emperor William among her honored guests. The round of amusements is much the same as at Wiesbaden and other resorts. Much of the glory of Baden departed with the closing of the gambling establishment, and the citizens think with yearnings unutterable of the good times now gone when the gold so recklessly poured out at the gaming-table flowed in a rich stream through the shops and boarding houses of the city.

A drive of an hour all the way up hill brings us to the ruins of the old castle, a thousand feet above the city. The castle was built many hundred years ago, and is made of large rough

stone, without any attempt at ornamentation. The view from the tower gives us a wide outlook over the Rhine, the valley in which Baden is situated, and beyond, the broad, somber expanse of the Black Forest.

In going from Frankfort to Baden, a distance of a little more than a hundred miles, we pass near Worms, memorable from its association with Martin Luther, and through Heidelberg, which, with its ruined castle and distinguished University, will be the subject of another chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

HEIDELBERG.

ON a pleasant summer afternoon, the train on which we were, was winding along the fertile valley of the Rhine, when with a sudden turn it swept away from the river toward the dark mountains, some ten miles distant. Half an hour later, we were in the beautiful and romantically situated city of Heidelberg, gazing in almost open-mouthed amazement at the grand, tree covered mountain which seemed to hang over our heads, and wondering how a city could ever possibly be squeezed in between it and the Neckar which washes its base.

By six o'clock we had gone through the eight or ten formal courses of the *table d' Hôte* dinner, and were on our way up the long street which led to the castle, more than three hundred feet above the city. We had time only for a hurried

glance at the ruins, which are the grandest and most extensive of any in Germany, before the declining sun threw around us the glories of a beautiful sunset. Late in the evening, as we sat in our room talking with a friend, the full moon came up from behind the great mountain and shone upon the city and the distant ruined castle with a richness of silver light which throws a peculiar charm about such a scene as this.

The next morning, under the guidance of a friend, a student in the University, we set out for an all day's tramp over the mountain and through the ruined castle. Several hours' walking along well made paths winding constantly upward through the woods of the mountain side, brought us to the summit, more than twelve hundred feet above the city. On the way up we had many beautiful outlooks from resting places along the path, giving us constantly varying and widening views of the city, the castle and the surrounding country. A part of the time we went up the remains of a long flight of stairs called Heaven's Ladder, which formerly extended from the castle straight up the side of the mountain to its very top.

But no language can begin to do justice to the wonderful panorama which lay before us after we had ascended the tower on the Königsstuhl, or King's Seat. Below, and far away beyond the city, is the fertile plain with the Rhine and Neckar winding through it. Beyond the Rhine are the Hartz Mountains with their wealth of legends, and in sight are also the Odenwald, the Suabian and Taunus mountains, and on the other side of the tower, the broad, rolling, unbroken green of the hills and mountains of the Black Forest. On a clear day, with a good glass, the spires of the cathedral at Strasburg can be seen by any one who has a good imagination. Descending

by a circuitous path we go through acres of huckleberry bushes, and these, indeed, give a name to it, for Heidelberg, in English, means nothing more than huckleberry hill or mountain.

"What's in a name?" Everything. How all that is beautiful and romantic seems to be suggested by the "Old Castle of Heidelberg," but when we begin to talk about the "old stone house on huckleberry hill," the poetical has all oozed out of us, and we are brought down to the very plainest matter of fact. In the same way, when we think of moonlight walks "under the lindens," we picture to ourselves, brown-haired, blue-eyed German lovers with their arms around each other in a romantic and natural manner—but when we talk about "moonlight under the bass-wood," which means the same thing, it is impossible to bring up anything poetical or to think of anything short of Samantha Simpkins and Hezekiah Rawbones straggling awkwardly along on opposite sides of the road, and venturing an occasional remark about huskings, quiltings, or the prospect of the "applesass" crop.

On the way down we have a fine view of the valley of the Neckar, and up a pretty little stream on the opposite side of the river. We again see the city from a height above the castle, and from it are enabled to get something of an idea of the great size of the castle and the gardens around it. Descending, we enter the castle grounds at the Great Terrace, which forms one side of the gardens, and from which there is a very fine view of the castle, the city and the country beyond as far as the Hartz mountains. A part of this terrace is a very high wall built up from the gardens below and filled in against the side of the mountain. Between this and the crag

on which the castle stands there was formerly a large flower garden which must have presented a beautiful appearance from the part of the castle facing it, or from the terrace.

A walk of a quarter of a mile along the terrace brings us to the main entrance of the castle, beyond which, and nearer to the town is the Elizabethan gate, a large triumphal arch, built by one of the lords of the castle in honor of his English wife Elizabeth. The main entrance was formerly over the moat by a draw bridge and through a watch tower with a narrow passage closed by a massive portcullis, whose rusty iron points can still be seen above our heads as we enter. The entrance leads into a great open square, around which the buildings are mostly arranged. There are thirteen or fourteen of them in all, of various sizes and in different degrees of preservation. These were built by successive rulers from 600 to 300 years ago, and finished with more or less elaborate ornamentation.

The castle was several times besieged and captured, and was three times destroyed, and entirely or partly rebuilt. About two hundred years ago the fortifications of the place were blown up, the castle was set on fire and a part of the town burned by the French. It was afterwards partially restored, but a little less than a hundred years ago it was struck by lightning and its destruction completed. Since then it has been left in ruins, but carefully preserved. Several of the buildings have temporary roofs, and some are occupied by the attendants.

As we wander for hours through the many rooms, banquet halls, chapels and underground passages connected with this vast system of buildings, we begin to realize in a measure

what must have been its magnificence when it was completed, three hundred years ago. A part of a round tower at one angle of the fortification which was blown up by the French, shows a wall of solid masonry twenty feet in thickness.

In one of the many cellars is the celebrated tun or wine cask which is the largest ever constructed. It was built one hundred and thirty years ago, and though unused at present is in a good state of preservation. It is almost as large as a house, having a length of thirty-two feet, a head diameter of twenty-two feet, and a bung diameter of twenty-five feet. Measured around the middle it would girt more than seventy-eight feet. It holds eight hundred hogsheads of wine, and its contents would fill 283,000 bottles. Near it stands a figure of one of the court fools, who is said to have taken eighteen bottles of wine daily, and the color of whose face and the size of his stomach confirms the story.

In many places the ruined buildings are covered with a dense growth of ivy, as if Nature were kindly attempting to hide man's signal failure to construct that which will endure forever. By many travelers Heidelberg Castle is thought to be the finest ruin in Europe out of Italy, and I cannot recall one which I remember with more satisfaction. In the evening we had the pleasure of seeing the ruins illuminated in honor of a convention of millers who came to the city for an excursion.

The University of Heidelberg shares with the Castle the honor and pride of the citizens. An American looking over the city finds no grand buildings which suggest to him the idea of a great University, but scattered here and there are old dingy structures which are pointed out to him as making up the University. I admit it was with a feeling of disappointment

that my friend, a student in the University, took me to a plain, brick, three story building, which looked like a common court-house without a steeple or dome, and entering a small door told me I was in one of the lecture room buildings of the University. We passed along a narrow hall, took a drink of water from a faucet in the wall, and turning down a still narrower passage at the right, a few steps brought us to a door which opened into a room where we were to attend the lecture.

This room was perhaps fifty feet square with windows on two sides. The desks were long benches, the seat of one being the back and desk of the one next behind, just like the benches in country school houses years ago. If these had ever been painted there were no traces of it left, and the noble German student, after the manner of the bare-footed Yankee boy in Connecticut, has not been above leaving the marks of his jack knife on the seats. Ink bottles also seem to have a way of upsetting here and sending their contents over the desk and floor just as they do with us. The lecturer's platform was on the center of one side of the room, and had a plain desk in front of it like a common pulpit.

The students, some sixty or more, were all in their places quietly talking with each other before the professor entered. When the lecturer opened the door he was greeted with subdued applause, which he seemed not to notice, but walked rapidly to the platform, where standing behind the desk and opening his manuscript he at once commenced his lecture. He spoke for an hour on the principles of International Law, without even once consulting his manuscript, and during this time there was the most perfect attention on the part of his hearers. A considerable part of the students took very few

notes, as the lecturer had published a book on the same subject but a short time previous. At the close of the lecture the same quiet applause was renewed and the students remained seated until the Professor had passed into the hall, when they arose and went quietly out.

It would be considered a mark of the greatest discourtesy for one to go out during the progress of a lecture unless the circumstances were most pressing. If any student should show intentional disrespect to a professor or disturb a lecture he would be imprisoned for from two to ten months according to the nature of the offence. In their treatment of each other the students are most careful of their personal dignity and honor. Anything like hazing or abusive language, even the calling of a fellow student a fool, will bring down the wrath of the authorities on the offender's head and at the least will give him a suspension of six months, and he will be posted so that he cannot enter any University in Germany during this time. The students who are acquainted with each other always lift their hats in passing.

In regard to duelling and dissipation I find that this is confined almost entirely to what are called corps students. There are five of these corps or clubs in the University and they include not more than one-fourth of its seven hundred students.

The corps students can be known by their brilliant, embroidered caps, which look something like smoking caps. The duelling is confined entirely to these students, and is carried on in a systematic manner, there being usually one duel a week during term time. Generally the combatants are appointed by the captain of the club, and the contest is carried

on in the presence of the members. The duellists use slender swords sharpened only at the point. They protect the upper part of the face and chest with a wire screen, and the arms with heavy gauntlets. A surgeon is always at hand and a fencing master stands by the side of each to ward off any blow which may seem dangerous. Thus protected the contest continues until one has received a wound generally on the face. The scars thus formed are called honorable and are a record of University life, " pointed to with pride " by the young men and their friends.

We saw in the city several young men with plasters on their faces, where the wounds had not yet healed, and a dozen or more whose faces were very much disfigured with these tokens of mistaken honor. Some had several scars each and looked as if they might have come off second best in some bear fight. The greater part of the beer drinking and smoking is done by these corps students. The popular idea of the fighting, smoking, drinking German student, is no more the real one than the hazing sophomore, in " Yale College Scrapes " represents the true College man. As in our colleges, a large majority of the students are faithful, hard working men. The library, which is in the center of the city and is not a fire proof building, contains 300,000 volumes 70,000 pamphlets and 3,500 manuscripts and diplomas.

There are some things of interest in and around this quaint old city, aside from the University and Castle, and while it can hardly be called a watering-place, there are few German towns which have more people from abroad residing in them during the summer. Last year there were so many Americans here that they had a Fourth of July dinner, at which Mark Twain made one of his happiest speeches.

CHAPTER X.

THE SWISS LAKES.

FROM Baden a ride of about two hours brings us to Strasburg, where we stop long enough to pay a hasty visit to the Cathedral and its wonderful clock. If one has the ambition to climb up the four hundred and fifty feet of the Cathedral spire, he will be rewarded with a particularly fine view of a beautiful and fertile country. The astronomical clock which is within the church and is built on the floor, is remarkable for the number of things which it indicates, and for the many figures which are in motion when the clock strikes. In the city we notice particularly the great number of awkward storks, which, being protected by law, are permitted to build their nests on the roofs and chimneys of the houses. The same thing is noticeable in the neighboring city of Basle. Strasburg, which is large and well fortified, is the capital of the provinces taken from the French during the late war, and was until recently nearly on the boundary between Germany, France and Switzerland.

We make a brief stop at Basle, noted as being the residence for a time of Erasmus the friend of Luther. In its Cathedral is all that remains of Holbein's celebrated frescoes of "The Dance of Death."

Our next stopping place is Schaffhausen, at the falls of the Rhine, which is one of the finest cascades in Europe. Neither in height of fall or volume of water is it to be compared with Niagara, and yet it is well worth a visit. The river is highest

in June and July when the snow among the Alps is melting. At this time the current is full and strong, and the water is dashed into foam as it is hurled over the rocks, and if the traveler is favored with the light of a clear, full moon he will carry away with him a picture which he will recall often with pleasure.

At one place a path has been built under and into the falling water, where one can hardly stand because of the spray which dashes over him constantly. From this point the rush of the foaming water seems to be overwhelming, and yet from the opposite side of the river, you can see that you have been under only a small jet of the great fall. Nearly in the center of the falls is a steep rocky island, up which a way has been cut in the rock to a little lookout on the top, from which it seems as if the entire mass of water washing over the falls, is being hurled at you. The rock can be reached by a boat from below the falls by such as do not mind being roughly shaken about on the water and are willing to take the chances of a thorough drenching.

Our hotel here was the first at which we stopped where the waiters were girls. They wore a costume which, as in many places in Switzerland and Germany, is peculiar to the locality. It consists of a black velvet bodice, cut square in the neck, laced at the sides, and fastened with large silver clasps connected by long silver chains. The bodice also has wide white sleeves. The costume is quite pretty, which I reluctantly record is more than can be said of the girls who wore it.

On our way to Lucerne we stop at Zurich, which is one of the most flourishing of the Swiss cities, noted for its manufactories of silk and cotton, its world renowned Polytechnic

Institute and for its unrivalled location. Situated at the foot of Lake Zurich it has from nearly every part of the city a superb view of the lake, whose green shores are dotted on each side with villages and summer hotels, while the snow-capped Alps rise in the distant background. The settlement of the place antedates Roman times and indeed any authentic history. In the museum here is preserved the finest known collection of relics from the ancient lake dwellers, who have been as great a mystery to the antiquarians as our mound builders, and about whom next to nothing is as yet known. In the old armory the traveler will be shown one of the numerous cross bows which claim the distinction of having once belonged to William Tell, if indeed our cold blooded historians do not decide that such a person never lived.

Leaving Zurich we soon reach Lake Zug, a beautiful little sheet of water nine miles long by three in breadth, which is deeply set in betweeen green mountain slopes, while towards the south towers the lofty Mount Righi which is here visible from base to summit.

Shortly after we reach Lucerne which is located at the foot of a lake of the same name, and is a favorite resort of tourists. A clear, dark stream which issues from the lake and flows swiftly through the city, is crossed by four bridges, two of which are old and very quaint. These two are furnished with roofs and are decorated with paintings, one with 154 pictures representing incidents in the lives of the patron saints of the city, the other with 45 grotesque pictures of the "Dance of Death," in which the grim Skeleton Reaper is represented as present in every occupation of life. Many of these pictures are utterly ludicrous to the modern mind, and entirely fail to

produce that solemn and lasting moral effect which the artist evidently intended.

Of course every one hears the great organ, which is one of the best three or four in Europe. But to me the first thing in Lucerne is Thorwaldsen's grand figure of the dying lion. This is 28 feet in length cut in the face of a solid perpendicular rock, and is a monument to the memory of 26 officers and 760 soldiers of the Swiss guard who were massacred in the defense of the Tuilleries in 1792. The grand proportions of the figure, and the majesty and dignity of the expression of the dead lion's face are a study for hours. Again and again have I gone back and looked at it another hour, until the grand conception of the artist and his faultless representation of it in the side of the rock are, as it were, burned into my memory, never, I trust, to be dimmed or forgotten.

From Lucerne a sail of three hours takes us to Fluelen, at the opposite end of the lake of the Four Cantons, one of the most beautiful sails which all Switzerland can boast. The whole extent of the lake abounds in legends of Switzerland's great hero, and the incidents and scenery are faithfully depicted in Schiller's *William Tell.*

We pass the little district of Gersau, a tract of only eight square miles, shut in on all sides by mountains and lakes. It boasts the distinction of being for four hundred years a free state, and the smallest one that has ever had an independent existence. Soon after, we pass a perpendicular rock rising from the lake, which is inscribed in huge gilt letters in honor of "Frederick Schiller, the Bard of Tell." A few minutes later our steamer passes close by a little building called Tell's Chapel, erected on the spot where it is said he sprang from Gessler's boat.

Two miles from Fluelen is the little village of Altdorf where Tell performed his terrible feat of archery and defied Gessler. The familiar story of his shooting the apple from his son's head is dear to every Swiss heart and is often illustrated in ornamenting houses, for I have several times seen at one corner of a house the wooden figure of a boy with an apple on his head, and at the other a carved archer with drawn crossbow aiming at the apple.

At this end of the lake we are in the midst of snow capped mountains, and in sight, nearly over our heads, a glacier is working its way slowly, its lower end dropping almost into the lake. Returning we land at Vitznau, at the foot of Mount Righi, where we take the railway up the mountain. This road is about four miles in length, and in this distance makes an elevation of nearly 4,000 feet. In some places the up grade is one foot in every four. It is constructed like the Mount Washington railway, with a heavy cog rail between the two common rails, which connects with a strong cog wheel on the main axle of the engine. The ascent takes about an hour and a quarter. To my surprise I found in place of the cheap and small hotel which was on the summit five years ago, two fine hotels, one costing nearly $400,000.

The Righi is nearly 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, and about 4,500 feet above lake Lucerne which washes its base. From the summit there is one of the finest and most extended views to be seen from any place in Europe. This magnificent panorama has a circumference of nearly three hundred miles, and includes a range of snow covered Alps one hundred and twenty miles long, thirteen lakes of different sizes, one so near that you think you can certainly throw a

stone into it from where you stand, and on one side a broad open plain which stretches away into the Black Forest in the far distance.

After enjoying the wonderful view for an hour or more we retire early, as we are to be awakened by the Alpine horn at 3:30 in the morning to see the sunrise. At that unseemly hour we hear a strange, sweet sound ringing through the halls of the hotel which seems to say to us as we are yet half asleep, "tra-da-tra-da-dui-da." In a few minutes a motely crowd of sleepy eyed people are shivering in the cold wind which sweeps across the summit, and looking anxiously toward that quarter of the heavens where it is hoped the sun will soon appear.

No language can begin to describe the beauty of the scene as the daylight and then the rays of the sun glance from peak to peak of the snow covered mountains. A clear sunrise seen from Righi is one of the few things which can be seen but a few mornings in a year, and if once enjoyed, can never be forgotten. The botanist of our party found more than forty varieties of flowers growing within a few rods of the hotel.

After breakfast we descend by way of the inclined railway and take the boat for Alpnach, from which we go by carriages over the Brunig Pass to Giessbach on Lake Brienz. The carriage road over Brunig is a wonder of engineering skill, and many times as we looked ahead at the apparently impassible mountains, it seemed as if the road must certainly come to an untimely end. The ascent is comparatively uninteresting but the descent is very fine. When not far from the summit of the pass, on turning abruptly around a great wall of rock, we suddenly come in sight of lake Brienz, several hundred feet

below us, and all the way down have frequent glimpses of the distant lake and the mountains beyond it.

At Giessbach we are also pleasantly surprised to find a very fine new hotel in place of an old one. This place which, consists of nothing but this great hotel, is visited entirely for the sake of the waterfall and its illumination by night. Its six cascades are lighted by different colored Bengal lights, which are burned back of them. This gives the appearance of a waterfall of different colored flame and is certainly striking however questionable may be its taste.

A ride of less than an hour brings us to Interlaken, a village of hotels, the Saratoga of Switzerland, which is most delightfully situated on a plain between two lakes and in full sight of the snow covered Jungfrau. It is the headquarters for excursions into the Oberland, and the point from which trips are best made to the glacier of Grindelwald and the little waterfall of Staubbach which makes an unbroken leap of 980 feet, and falls in fine mist at the base of the precipice.

A ride of three hours brings us to the quaint city of Berne, which is said to have preserved its characteristic features better than any other Swiss town. Along the principal streets the houses are built on arches over the side walk. Berne is the capital of the Swiss confederacy, and contains the plain and inexpensive but convenient government buildings. The session of their legislative body had just closed and we had the pleasure only of seeing the rooms in which it was held. The President of the Republic receives the princely salary of $600 per year.

The city has many things of interest, of which we can only mention the Tower Clock, which is fully as much of a curios-

ity as the one at Strasburg, the fountain of the Orgie, which is surmounted by a fearful figure devouring little children, and the bear pits which are kept up at public expense. The bear which is the heraldic emblem of the city is seen everywhere, and the figure of a bear is even stamped on the bottom of loaves of bread.

We were much interested in the museum and its adjoining library, which contained a fine collection of lacustrine remains from the various Swiss lakes, many pieces of tapestry most beautifully wrought, several of which belonged to Charles the Bold, and two or three boxes made of oak supposed to be more than two thousand years old. In color and firmness it was much like ebony.

In the library the lady attendant, after showing us many beautiful books from the early times, one more than eight hundred years old, knowing us to be a party of Americans, brought out, with a look of genuine pleasure, a large volume published by the United States Government containing letters and communications of condolence from other governments on the assassination of President Lincoln.

But with only mentioning the carved wood work, music boxes, and cuckoo clocks for which Berne is noted, we must take our readers on through Freiburg with its celebrated organ to Lausanne, where at the Hotel Gibbon, in the garden of which the historian wrote a part of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," we will leave you to recover from the rapid travel you have had in this letter, and prepare yourselves for a trip with us in the next chapter over the Tete-Noire Pass to Mt. Blanc.

CHAPTER XI.

MONT BLANC.

"Lake Leman wooes me with its crystal face,"

SANG Byron in the wanderings of *Childe Harold*, and it has charmed and fascinated every one who has seen it, from great Cæsar to the traveler of the present time. Any one who has gone by rail from Freiburg can never forget the first sight of Lake Geneva, as coming through a tunnel the train turns suddenly to the right and the whole magnificent panorama of the broad expanse of water, with its surrounding mountains, bursts suddenly and unexpectedly upon him.

Taking the morning boat from Lausanne up the lake, in an hour we are landed at a station, a mile from the castle of Chillon, whose white walls, rising apparently from the very water, had been in sight for some time. A pleasant walk along a well made carriage way at the foot of the vine clad hills brings us to the bridge which crosses the moat. Over the entrance to the castle we see engraved in German, the strange motto for a prison, "May God bless all who come in and go out." As soon as we are within the walls we seek the dungeons which have been clothed with such a melancholy interest by Byron's poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon."

Two or three underground rooms must be passed through before reaching the main dungeon. In one of these is a blackened beam on which prisoners were sometimes executed, another has a narrow, obscure stairway which communicates with the council chamber above, and in a third is a huge flat

rock on which the condemned were said to pass their last night. Going through a low, double doorway, with the remnant of a great iron door yet hanging by its rusty hinges, we come into a large, dimly-lighted dungeon where,

> "There are seven pillars of gothic mold,
> And in each pillar there is a ring,
> And in each ring there is a chain."

The column to which Bonivard is said to have been chained yet has a massive, rusted iron ring fastened to it. The deep circular paths worn in the rocks around each of these pillars tell of years of anguish which have rolled over the unhappy prisoners who have been here confined. The surroundings are literally as Byron gives them, and we can almost see the wild-eyed prisoner tugging to break his chain that he may reach the body of his dead brother. Among the hundreds of names inscribed on the pillars we find Byron, Sue, George Sand and Victor Hugo.

With an involuntary shudder we leave the dungeons which are so suggestive of suffering and death and go through the apartments above. In the center of one is a great wooden pillar to which the victims were fastened and tortured, and marks of the fire are in it yet. Not far from here is a deep, dark well or pit opening into the waters of the lake, down which the executed were thrown, and where the condemned were frequently cast alive. The whole place seemed reeking with murder and we were glad to get out of it where we could look over the battlements into the deep water beneath. Looking out upon the lake we see the little island with the three trees which Byron mentioned.

"And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view."

The castle of Chillon in itself considered is worthy but little attention, and were it not that it has been immortalized by the genius of Byron, it would be comparatively unknown to English speaking people. It is a mistake to suppose that Byron's "Prisoner" is the Bonivard who was so long imprisoned here by the Duke of Savoy, and yet we can but say:

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonivard! May none those marks efface;
For they appeal from tyranny to God."

If in this connection the reader will turn to the third canto of "*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*," he will find abundant description of all this Lake Geneva region.

Going by train up the Rhone Valley we soon come to the Gorge of the Trient, where this stream cuts through the base of a mountain range and makes its way into the Rhone. In some places the chasm is more than four hundred feet deep and the perpendicular sides almost meet at the top. A broad footpath has been made up it which, suspended from the rock, crosses from side to side, giving many fine views. Europe has but one finer gorge. Martigny, at the angle of the Rhone, is the intersection of three great mountain passes, the Simplon to Lago Maggiore in Italy, the Great St. Bernard to Turin, and the Tete-Noire to the valley of Chamouni at the very foot of Mt. Blanc.

Leaving Martigny by carriage early in the morning we zigzag up the side of the mountain for two or three hours, until

the valley of the Rhone for a long distance lies below us, and what seemed mountains to us when we started, became little hills far below us. Much of the way the road is along the side of the mountain swept by avalanches in early spring, but these are very rare in summer, although at long intervals a traveler loses his life by one. We go up and up until the summit, 6,600 feet above sea level, is reached. From this point the descent into the valley on the opposite side is very steep and sudden. Then a ride of three or four hours down a winding, dashing stream, at the foot of grand, snow capped mountains, and nearly all the time in sight of glaciers, brings us to the beautiful, green valley of Chamouni, right at the base of Mt. Blanc, amid the grandest scenery which the Alps and all Europe can furnish.

After a good night's rest we are up early and ready for the ascent of the Montanvert, a spur of Mt. Blanc from which there is a fine view of the Mer de Glace and the glaciers which form it. We climb slowly up by a winding path cut in the side of the mountain, and after a hard walk of two hours are at the little restaurant at the summit 6,300 feet above the level of the sea. The ascent of this mountain is made solely for the fine view it affords of several of the immense seas of ice which fill all the higher gorges of the Alps, and particularly the Mt. Blanc range.

If the reader can imagine a section of a vast river from ten to fifteen miles in length and from one and a half to four and a half miles wide and of unknown depth, tossed up into waves and then instantly frozen, he can get some idea of this great glacier. For ages it has ground its way along this gorge, pushing the *debris* farther down into the valley until it looks as if

a company of giants had been at work carrying the dirt and rocks down from the mountains.

At the lower end of the glaciers, the edges for several hundred feet from the shore are so covered with dirt and rocks that it is often difficult to tell with any certainty where the edge of the chasm is. As it advances slowly over the irregularities of the bottom of the gorge the glacier is broken up by crevasses which generally extend across it. Many of these are shallow, while others are hundreds of feet deep, and a stone dropped down one of them crashes from side to side until it seems to be lost in the vast depth and the sound of the fall is no longer heard. On the top the glacier looks like snow ice and is honey-combed by the action of the sun, but a little way down it is solid and very blue. Higher up the glacier seems whiter and more firm, and still higher it is of a dazzling brilliancy, while there are many considerable sized hills of ice where two glacier streams join.

With a guide there is very little danger in crossing the glacier, as steps are cut in the worst places and the iron pointed alpenstock prevents one from slipping. Only a few days before our visit a German professor from Berlin, slipped into an opening and was fatally injured. Crossing, we clamber over many rods of ground-up rock, which formed the edge of the glacier when it was larger and filled up more of the gorge, and up the side of the opposite mountain. We follow this down toward the valley at a considerable height above the glacier, and have constantly changing views of the frozen billows and icy walled chasms below us.

In half an hour we come to what used to be the terrible Mauvais Pas, a path cut in the almost perpendicular side of

the mountain, but now so well protected by iron railings that there is not the least danger, unless one is dizzy when at great heights. Most of the way the outer edge of the path is unprotected and it gives one a far from pleasant feeling to look over the jagged edge, and see the certain death on the sharp rocks hundreds of feet below which awaits the poor unfortunate who makes only one misstep.

A little farther on we come to the Chateau, a small house hidden behind projecting rocks so as to be out of the way of danger from avalanches which sweep down the mountain side in winter and early in spring. This is situated upon a precipitous cliff, and from it is obtained a fine view up the glacier, and at right angles to this the whole valley of Chamouni seems to be sunk deep down between the mountains, while the impetuous little stream, the Arve, for a little way seems to forget its haste, and winds lovingly through the green meadows of the valley. Almost at a glance we have the lofty snow covered mountain tops, the great frozen river with its sluggish but powerful current, and nearly two thousand feet below us the loveliest of green valleys, which looks like a mighty picture by some giant artist set in a frame of great mountains. The view from the Chateau is one of those which only the Alps can give and which will linger forever in the memory.

Descending a steep path through the wooded hillside we soon come to a little hut from which a short excursion can be made to the end of the glacier and the ice grotto from which the stream under it flows. This grotto has been enlarged by the guides so that it can be ascended some two hundred feet, and here one is within the very glacier itself. As we had been in the grotto of the Grindelwald glacier on our former trip we

had no curiosity to again enter one of nature's vast ice houses.

Coming down to the level of the valley we cross it and begin to follow the winding path which leads up the face of the steep mountain on the opposite side. After three hours of hard climbing we reach the little hotel on Mt. Flegere, which is also 6,000 feet above the sea, from which if we are favored with a clear day we can see the entire Mt. Blanc range and Mt. Blanc itself with its vast snow fields from base to summit.

All the morning the greater part of the mountain tops had been covered with clouds, but by the time we reached the hotel on Mt. Flegere late in the afternoon the clouds had broken away and we had an unobstructed view of the lofty snow white dome of Mt. Blanc, glittering in the full rays of the setting sun. Before us was a view which the wildest flights of our imagination had never conceived. Within sight were literally "Alps piled upon Alps," for we could see at once thirteen mountain peaks, the lowest of which is two miles high, and in the midst, reaching up into the heavens until we can hardly distinguish it from the clouds, towers Mt. Blanc, the monarch of European mountains, three miles high. These mountains are mostly of granite and several of the peaks run up almost as pointed as cathedral spires, so much so that they are called needles.

We could almost look down upon the Mer de Glace opposite us, and within sight we counted nine great glaciers which reached down into the valley and as many smaller ones, which came only part way down the mountain slopes. In the foreground and more than a half a mile below us lies the green valley of Chamouni and its little village, with the road

and the stream winding through the green fields, so far away that they look almost like ribbons. At times parts of the mountain range, or the summits of the mountains would be covered with clouds, and occasionally the dome of Mt. Blanc, bright with sunlight, would appear above the clouds. After enjoying the wonderful view for more than an hour we descend and reach our hotel at six o'clock.

During the day we have made on foot *twenty-one* miles of mountain traveling, having climbed two peaks, each 6,000 feet high. The reader can get some idea of what it is to lift one's body up these two mountains, by thinking of going up a pair of stairs 15,000 steps high, or going up and down a pair of ordinary house stairs about 800 times in one day. It was the hardest day's work I had done in many a year.

There are six rival lines of stages from Chamouni to Geneva, a distance of fifty miles, and so sharp is the competition between them that the fare to Geneva had fallen from twenty-five to three francs. These great coaches are each drawn by from three to six horses, and make the distance down in six hours. Much of the way the road is cut through rocks, and walled up on the outer side. I think I never saw so fine a carriage road, or one with such a good road bed and grade. And indeed the fine roads over nearly all Europe are a wonder to Americans. Most of them are graded almost as carefully as railroads and the wagon track is covered with broken stone.

The upper part of the road is through a rough country, but the ten miles nearest Geneva is in a rich and well cultivated region. I should remember this ride as one of the pleasantest of my trip if it were not that a " native " smoking a " long

nine" made of the most villainous tobacco which ever grew, sat on the seat in front of me and gave me most of the way his wretched second-hand tobacco smoke. All over the continent almost every man smokes and drinks beer or wine, and the presence of ladies is not considered a restraint to either.

Geneva, which is beautifully situated at the foot of the lake, is one of the most important cities in Switzerland, and contains more foreign residents than any other. It is mentioned by Cæsar in the first book of his *Gallic War*, and from that time has been a place of importance. It has a large number of watch and jewelry establishments, and extensively manufactures music boxes, and carved work. On a clear day one can get a fine view of Mt. Blanc from the quay in front of the Hotel de Russie. In Geneva and along the lake there are a large number of English hotels and ladies' boarding schools. On our former visit we attended Pere Hyacinth's church, but some one else conducted the service. We, however, saw him and his American wife as they left the church.

While in Geneva I was awakened very early one morning by an unearthly noise under my window. My first impression was that half a dozen full brass bands had come to give me a serenade, but on looking out I could see only a market woman with a little wagon and a donkey about the size of a four weeks old calf. The woman seemed to be reasoning with the animal and enforcing her arguments with frequent slaps on his long ears. He was sustaining his side of the discussion in that way in which only a donkey can, and which cannot be equalled or imitated by anything in this world, and it was his vigorous presentation of his view of the question which awakened me.

When I looked at the insignificant little animal and heard the fearful noise he made, which seemed to fill the air for miles around, it seemed astonishing that such wonderful vocal powers could be wrapped up in so small a brown skin, and the longer his powerful argument continued the more my wonder grew, and to this day I cannot hear a donkey address an audience or speak to a friend a couple of miles away without being filled with awe at the wonderful manner in which he seems to be constructed. Until I heard this Geneva donkey I never half realized what must have been the interview between Balaam and the beast on which he rode, or what was signified when "the ass opened his mouth and spake."

We will bring this long chapter to a close by asking our readers to get a through ticket via Mt. Cenis tunnel for Naples, 800 miles away, to which we go next with only brief stops at Genoa and Pisa.

CHAPTER XII.

GENOA AND PISA.

LEAVING Geneva by an early morning train we soon pass out of Switzerland into a corner of France, and going by way of Culoz and Chambery, through a country constantly growing more rugged, we at last reach the celebrated Mt. Cenis tunnel, on the border of Italy. This tunnel is about eight and one-half miles in length, nearly twice as long as any

other completed tunnel, and lies almost on the direct line passing through London, Paris, Geneva, Turin, Genoa, Rome and Naples. The passage of the tunnel, which takes the train about half an hour, reminds one of nothing so vividly as going through a long black hole, and we are all thankful for having once more reached the open air, where we are free from the stifling smoke with which the engine fills the tunnel. After having passed through it four times we most decidedly prefer any eight miles of surface road which fortune has ever thus far thrown in our way. Just after passing this we are obliged to submit to another of those frequent overhaulings of our luggage which are such an annoyance to the independent American, but which fortunately are generally a mere matter of form. By far the worst usage of this kind we receive any where, is the one our own country gives us when we get back to New York.

The train now descends rapidly, and in an hour or two we are at the foot of the mountains, on our way across the fertile plain of Piedmont to the beautiful city of Turin, where for the present we remain only long enough to change trains for Genoa. As we leave Alessandria, we look out into the moonlight, for a sight of the village of Marengo, made memorable by the celebrated battle of Napoleon I., but a confused vision of trees and vineyards hurrying swiftly by is all that rewards our curiosity.

In two hours more we are in the city of Genoa, which is finely situated on the Mediterranean, and has been celebrated from all time for its excellent sea-port. It was famous in the middle ages and the modern city is by no means insignificant. While it has many churches, palaces and galleries, it has none

of special importance to a casual visitor, but many which are well worthy the attention of the art critic who has time at his disposal. It is associated in the American minds chiefly as the home of Columbus, and the traveler is shown his palace and two statues of him, one of them very fine. Of course, being Americans, we are supposed to be wonderfully interested in Columbus, and we are stuffed with all kinds of information about him, among other things that he was the man who "discovered America."

Many who read this will recall the admirable article on the celebrated Bank of St. George, which appeared in one of our leading magazines a few months ago. This was one of the earliest and most famous banks in Europe and came near absorbing the entire Republic of Genoa. The view of the sea from the higher part of the city is very fine, and the city must present a beautiful sight to one approaching it from the bay, as it is built on ground which rises as it recedes from the shore. There are improvements commenced now, by the liberality of one of her wealthy citizens, which, when completed, will make her harbor one of the best on the Mediterranean, and which her inhabitants fondly hope will restore some of her former commercial prosperity.

Every one can recall the picture of the Leaning Tower of Pisa which used to be in all the geographies, and I can well remember that I thought there was something supernatural about it that kept it in this position right in the very face of nature's law, and when I climbed its one hundred and eighty feet and looked over the side and saw myself hanging in the air thirteen feet *outside* the base, the supernatural impression was not in the least removed. At the first glance you cannot get rid of the impression that the tower has commenced

tipping over. It is supposed that after the structure was commenced one side settled, and that in finishing it care was taken to make the lower side the lighter, so that the center of gravity of the whole mass might not fall outside the base. Galileo used this slanting tower in his experiments in determining the laws of gravitation.

The Baptistry of the Cathedral is a circular building, and is celebrated for its marvelously beautiful echo. The attendant sounds the four notes, *do*, *mi*, *sol*, *do*, and the whole dome seems to fill with echoes and re-echoes, and before they have died away he repeats the notes, and the two echo-choruses are heard blending and combining for nearly a minute.

Near this is the Burial Ground, a quaint inclosed structure remarkable from the fact that after the loss of the Holy Land the archbishop had fifty-three ship loads of earth from Mt. Calvary conveyed here, in order that the dead might rest in holy ground. There are many other things of interest in this old, decaying city, but we must leave them and hasten on our way toward Rome.

For half a day we skirt its coast, most of the time in full view of the sea. We pass in plain sight of the island of Elba, and perhaps see the dim outlines of Corsica in the far distance. Most of the way, particularly as we near Rome, the country is dreary and unproductive, and we see little but the stubble of the wheat fields, and here and there peasants plowing with strange shaped plows at least ten feet long. The country seems to be burned up with the sun, and one may ride miles without seeing what we would call a grove of trees. The policy inaugurated centuries ago of cutting away all the trees, has reduced some of the finest parts of Italy to a waste. As

an instance of what a strange mingling of ancient and modern we find in Italy, on a former visit to this region, at the time of the wheat harvest, we saw in one place wheat being threshed out by cattle on a threshing floor in the open field, just as described in Bible times, and not more that a mile from this place, on a large estate, a steam threshing machine was in full operation. In this way all over the Peninsula, old and new Italy are struggling for the mastery. At the little restaurants along the railway wine is plenty and cheap, but there is little one can get to eat, and little he can eat of what he can get. A bright-eyed girl tempted me with a small black biscuit, such as I saw some of the Italians eating, but after struggling with it a while until the permanent location of several of my front teeth had been seriously threatened, I made it over to a little dog, which went at it in about the same way he would manage a bone. The leading idea of a small restaurant seems to be everything to drink, nothing to eat.

As we near Rome we have occasional glimpses of ruins, and finally after skirting the walls for some distance pass through them and are in the city. Changing cars we are soon away for Naples, this time leaving the coast and not coming in sight of the sea at all.

Our way is through a more fertile country than lies north of Rome, and through places familiar to every classical student. Cities which have a large place in history are now represented by wretched little villages, while others are entirely gone, their very localities even being a matter of doubt. At the village of Capua, once a great city, the second in size in all Italy, the splendid army of the victorious Hannibal wintered after the disastrous battle of Cannae, instead of marching directly to

Rome, and Rome and not Carthage became mistress of the world. Here also were the great gladiatorial schools, and here broke out the insurrection of the gladiators under Spartacus which for a time threatened the supremacy of Rome. The speech of Spartacus to the gladiators, so dear to every school boy's heart, came back to me, and I looked about for some gladiator with short sword, helmet and shield, but saw only a full rigged Italian officer strutting about the depot.

A little later, while the beauty of a lovely Italian summer day yet hung upon the vineyards and orange groves of this almost tropical climate, we reached Naples, the light of Italy, its largest city, and the paradise of travelers.

CHAPTER XIII.

NAPLES.

ON our long ride along the quay to our hotel we realize that we are indeed in a strange city and in the midst of a people and productions different from any we have before known. In the markets, which seem to be only pieces of canvass to keep off the sun, were peaches, grapes, oranges, lemons, aloes and nectarines from Sorrento just across the Bay, pomegranates, olives, figs, and several other fruits of which even the names are unknown to us. Bare-footed men and women, and half dressed or entirely nude children are to be seen everywhere. In the two miles along the quay an artist could pick

out a dozen "Neapolitan Fisher Boys," while men clothed only in two garments stretch out at full length upon the stone pavements and sleep.

All kinds of work are carried on in the street in front of the houses. Barbers, shoemakers, harness makers and clothes dealers often have everything out on the sidewalk. Women cook, wash and iron, care for their babies, sew, knit, smoke and do all kinds of household work on the streets. Two or three times we even saw them going through their children's heads and hunting game with a fine toothed comb. In places there were large yards in which strips of macaroni ten feet long, hanging over poles, were drying in the open air, exposed to whatever of dirt the breezes of heaven might bring them from the street.

Every thing about us shows that we are among a strange kind of people, and in a southern climate. The narrow streets, and high houses with a balcony in front of each window, the braying of the omnipresent donkey, the ceaseless clatter of wheels and snapping of whips, the harsh screaming of the peddlers, the undaunted impudence of beggars, guides and carriage drivers, all combine to give the traveler something new at every turn.

The national characteristic of the inhabitants of Naples, as far as they have any, has always been and is now, a love of the enjoyment of the present and an entire disregard of the wants of the future. Of all the Italians the Neapolitans are the happiest and the poorest, the laziest and dirtiest, and the least given to mourning the misfortunes of the past, or worrying over the wants of the future. The bare legged lazzaroni with empty stomachs and not a single *soldo* in their pockets or

any prospect of getting one, will curl up in some warm corner and go to sleep as contentedly as though they were millionaires.

Probably no finer or more varied view is to be had in all Italy than from the Carmadoli, a former monastery, on a lofty hill at the back of the city. It includes all of the matchless Bay of Naples with its numerous islands whose wonderful beauty has been praised for nearly three thousand years; much of the city below; on the left Mt. Vesuvius with its vine covered base, and miles of fertile plain dotted with numerous villages; while in the opposite direction stretches the open sea. The wonderful beauty of the situation and its surroundings has given rise to the Italian saying, "*Verdi Napoli e poi mori!*" "See Naples and die."

Our first visit is to the Museum, which is particularly rich in mementos from the buried city of Pompeii, and there is no other place where so good an idea can be obtained of the home life of the Romans, as from a careful study of the many articles which are here preserved. Among these are various household and domestic articles, many of which are of similar shape to those in use with us. There was a plane which a modern carpenter would handle with ease. I do not know how many articles there are in all but I saw one numbered 10,878. A great many statues, bronzes and vases, in a more or less perfect state have been exhumed. One room contains grain of various kinds, bread, meat and some eggs which came from the buried city. These are all charred and would not be recognized except by their form. There is also a glass bottle filled with oil, which is in a good condition and not dried up.

One of the most interesting rooms to me contains the Library of the Papyri, which was discovered in a villa near Herculaneum. These rolls are completely encrusted with ashes, and they were supposed for a long time to be valueless. Originally there were 3,000 of them, but only 1,800 are now preserved. They are charred and are as black as a coal. The inner bark of the papyrus plant was pasted together forming a long roll, and on this the writing was done with the *stylus*. It was for a long time thought impossible to unroll them, but at length an ingenious machine was made by which they are carefully unrolled after being moistened. Two or three of these were at work at the time of our visit. Several hundred papyri have been unrolled and read, but they are mostly of little value. There are also human figures encrusted with ashes, which were found in various places in the buried city.

In the afternoon we go by train a ride of forty minutes to Pompeii, where we at once engage a guide for the visit to the buried city.—Pompeii was destroyed during the great eruption of 79, by a cloud of hot ashes, and by subsequent falls of volcanic matter, until at present it is covered with a deposit twenty feet in thickness. For three hundred years after its destruction the ruins were dug into and ransacked for marble and other treasures, until it was supposed that everything of value had been removed. For the next 1400 years, the buried city was neglected and almost forgotten.

A little more than a hundred years ago excavations were again commenced, but it is only within the last twenty years, since they have been taken in hand by the government, that they have been conducted in a systematic manner and anything like satisfactory results obtained. Every thing which can be

readily moved, and even the more important frescoes, as soon as found, are taken to the Museum at Naples. An area of about sixty-eight acres has already been excavated, which is supposed to include the most important third of the city. If the work is continued at the same rate as now, it will take about seventy years to complete it and will cost $1,000,000.

The streets are regularly laid out, the main ones twenty-four feet wide, the narrower ones fourteen feet only. They were originally well paved with large square blocks of lava, which have been worn into deep ruts by wagon wheels. At the corners of the streets are stepping stones projecting nearly a foot above the pavement for the convenience of pedestrians in muddy weather, and at the same places there are often remains of fountains, or notices painted in real letters generally relating to municipal affairs. The houses are mostly built of concrete, and covered with a coating of marble or plaster, which was ornamented with paintings in bright colors, red being particularly noticeable. Most of the houses have stairways showing that they were more than one story high, and one of them has a charred second story remaining which was built of wood and projected over the street.

The shops which were small were open on the street the whole width of the front and closed at night with wooden shutters. The private houses, particularly those of the wealthy, were built around an open court, and had only solid wall on the outside, with a single entrance from the street. As these walls were built up to the line of the street, and had almost no windows, a walk through a street occupied entirely with residences must have been a dismal affair.

Within, the rooms of the houses generally opened into some

court, which was an uncovered square, containing a fountain or flower garden. All the walls were brilliantly painted and the floors frequently inlaid with mosaics. With the bronze ornaments and statuary, and the inlaid furniture these houses must have been cheerful and very pleasant. It was with mingled awe and pleasure that we wandered amid these remains of the every day life of the Romans, and nothing we have ever seen except the ruins at Rome has ever impressed us so vividly with the *reality* of those ancient times.

As we study them carefully in connection with the museums both here and at Naples, and see the implements of their every day life and labor, we lose something of the poetical idea of the grim Roman who was always standing cold and merciless in full armor with drawn sword, and learn to look upon them as men of like passions and occupations as ourselves, and the romance of those old heroic times dwindles away into the real bread and butter occupations of our modern, hum-drum life.

Late one rainy morning our party left the hotel in carriages for the ascent of Vesuvius by the way of Resina. A ride of considerably more than an hour, all the way along a built up street, brings us to Resina, where we engage a guide and mules. The carriage way winds up the side of the mountain, through vineyards and highly cultivated fields until it comes to the overflow of 1872, over which for nearly an hour the road winds until the Hermitage is reached, which is the limit of carriage travel. This lava stream is black and lies in great waves and ridges, such as would be formed by a semi-fluid mass rolling down the mountain, stiffening as it cooled. It is the ideal of desolation itself, not a green thing being able to live upon it.

From the Hermitage one can go by foot or by mule over a rough path to the base of the cone, which is reached in about an hour. This rises 1,500 feet, and the ascent can only be made on foot. As the cone rises at an angle of about thirty-five degrees, and consists of slag and loose ashes which slip back under the feet at every step, the climb is most fatiguing. The traveler is beset with men who offer their services and *will* help unless they are absolutely and energetically repulsed. Some go just ahead and extend a strap to the traveler by which he can be partly pulled up, while others get behind and "boost," and by these combined means even the weakest finally reach the top.

From the edge of the crater is a magnificent panorama. Before us we see the country for miles around, the bay, the city and far out at sea, while turning around we look down into the smoking pit, some two hundred feet below us. Clambering down the hot, steaming sides we are at last at the very mouth of the crater, and to all appearances at the entrance to the infernal regions. The night before our ascent, the first display of the present season of activity had taken place and the sky was lighted up with flames from the burning mountain.

We found that there had been a small overflow during the night, and that some two acres of the bottom of the inner crater had been covered with lava, which by the time we reached it had a cool crust an inch or more thick on which we could walk with care. Through the cracks in it we could see the red hot mass not two inches under our feet. The guides cooked eggs in these cracks, and pressed coins in the melted lava which were drawn out with part of the cooled lava attached to them. We could hear the melted mass in the interior

of the mountain surge from side to side as it boiled, and as often as once a minute melted lava would be thrown into the air through the little cone in the inner crater, and fall near us. The air was full of sulphur fumes, which were at times so oppressive that we could hardly breathe. Great masses of pure sulphur were scattered all around us.

At the end of half an hour we were glad to clamber up the side of the crater, out of the "jaws of hell," and with another long look at the grand view before us, we scrambled down the steep side of the cone and returned to the city. After this we shall have all faith in the power of Vesuvius, and when we read that during an eruption it threw a stone weighing twenty-five tons a distance of fifteen miles, we shall shut our eyes and swallow the statement without a word of dissent.

After another visit to the Museum, and to some parts of the city not mentioned in this letter, with regret we take the train for Rome. We shall never forget how as we rode for miles along the ruined arches of the aqueduct, while we were entering Rome, the full moon just rising flashed through the arches which seemed to fly past us. With this vision of moonlight on the Campagna, amid the ruins of the greatest nation and city the world has ever seen we retire for the night and in the morning will ask our readers to begin with us the study of the ruins of the " Eternal City."

CHAPTER XIV.

ROME.

TO see Rome well takes months, and to write of it is a matter of volumes, not of a few pages, and so we can hope only to glance at some of the most striking features and record general impressions.

Following our own inclinations, as well as the custom of travelers, we go at once to St. Peter's, crossing the Tiber directly opposite the castle of St. Angelo, on a massive stone bridge of five arches, built by the Emperor Hadrian, more than 1700 years ago. We were sadly disappointed in the Tiber. When we recalled all we had read of this grandly historic river, the pride of the ancient Roman, we were hardly prepared to see a small, muddy, common-place sort of a stream, creeping along at a snail's pace toward the ocean. Macaulay's " Horatius at the Bridge " has lost much of its charm for us now, and is more than ever a poem of the imagination.

The castle was originally a huge cylindrical structure covered with marble, on which a colossal statue of Hadrian was placed. This was built by him for a tomb, and contained the family cinerary urns. It was converted into a fortress as early as when the Goths besieged Rome, and the beautiful statues which adorned its summit were hurled down upon the heads of the invaders. At present it is used as a fort and is connected with the Vatican by an underground passage nearly three-fourths of a mile long.

The approach to St. Peter's with its great elliptical colonades, is grand and impressive beyond description, and forms a most striking introduction to the largest church in the world. In the center of the large open space in front of the church is the great obelisk which was brought to Rome by the mad Emperor Caligula and set up in the Circus of Nero. The church itself is reputed to have been founded by the Emperor Constantine on the spot where St. Peter suffered martyrdom, and contains the brazen sarcophagus of that Apostle.

The present building, which was planned by the great Michael Angelo, and has cost more than $50,000,000, was dedicated exactly 1300 years later than the first structure. It is the largest but not the most beautiful church in the world. Some idea of its size may be gained from the fact that it covers more than *three acres* of ground, is 650 feet long, 209 wide, 465 high, and has 290 windows, 390 statues, 46 altars and 748 columns. Large as it is, its gigantic dome is three feet less in diameter than that of the Pantheon, which was built 27 B. C. and is yet standing in perfect repair, while three buildings just like it could be placed within the outer wall of the Colosseum. In the dome are mosaics of heroic size, of the four Evangelists. St. Luke is writing with a pen seven feet long, yet from the pavement it looks only about the size of a full grown lead pencil.

At the base of one of the pillars is the famous sitting statue of St. Peter, in bronze, whose great toe has been worn away by contact with the lips of devotees. The statue is said to have originally been one of Jupiter, and was taken from a heathen temple and dedicated to St. Peter.

In the center of the cross beneath the dome, rises the beau-

tiful and costly canopy under which, and immediately over the tomb of St. Peter is the altar from which the Pope only reads mass on high festive occasions. Beneath this and reached by a double flight of marble stairs is the vault which contains the sarcophagus of the Apostle.

The remains of Pius IX. had recently been placed in the Popes' niche in the wall of the church where the bodies of all the Popes are placed temporarily. We can only add that the longer one wanders through this great cathedral and examines it in detail, the more the impression of its vastness grows upon him.

Probably there is no place in Europe where centers so much of interest as upon the little parallelogram, less than a thousand feet in greatest dimensions, known as the Roman Forum. Around us on every side we see ruins of temples, public buildings and triumphal arches. Here are three columns where was once the magnificent temple of Castor and Pollux, near it the foundation of the temple of the Deified Julius erected on the spot where Cæsar's body was cremated by the populace after the funeral oration by Mark Anthony, which is so graphically described in Shakespeare's " Julius Cæsar."

There are identified remains of the temple of Vespasian, the Tabularium, or great Record Office of ancient Rome, the temple of Saturn, the old Rostrum from which orators addressed the people and at one end of which was the central milestone of the Roman Empire, and a shapeless mass of concrete, all that remains of the famous temple of Vesta, founded by one of the earliest kings of Rome. On the Forum are also the remains of the great building erected by Julius in which the public business was transacted. In the marble floor of the

portico and in the steps, figures and holes are cut in which the boys of Rome played games.

An excavation has been made below the ancient level of the Forum, and in one place the Cloaca Maxima is seen, which was built 2500 years ago to drain the low land back of the Forum, and which is perfect and in use now. Through the midst of the Forum can be seen the Via Sacra, the street along which victorious generals entered the city in triumph and ascended the Capitoline hill just beyond. Many of the great stones with which it was paved are yet in position, showing deep ruts worn by the wheels of passing carts.

On the Capitoline hill was the Senate building and on the Tarpeian Rock the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. Here was also a temple of Minerva. The Museum contains a large number of statues and antiquities, among others the Bronze Wolf believed to be the one mentioned by Cicero as having been struck by lightning, the celebrated Venus of the Capitol, an ancient copy of the Faun of Praxiteles, the statue which is the hero of Hawthorne's story of "The Marble Faun," and the wonderfully life-like figure of "The Dying Gladiator," which Byron so beautifully describes in the lines beginning,

> "I see before me the Gladiator lie,
> He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
> Consents to death, but conquers agony,
> And his droop'd head sinks gradually low."

Adjoining the Forum on the other side is the Palatine hill which was the site of most ancient Rome, and around which as a center the whole of the historic city seems to cluster. Tradition places on this hill the dwellings of the early Roman heroes Evander and Romulus, and here at a later date resided

many men celebrated in Roman history, the Gracchi, Cicero, Cataline and Mark Anthony. The Emperors finally obtained possession of the whole of it and covered it with one immense palace whose vast ruins present a most imposing appearance even at the present day.

The Palatine retained its magnificence many hundred years, but was finally given over to ruin, until in 1861 Napoleon III. purchased a portion of it and commenced excavations for the purpose of obtaining material for his great work "The Life of Cæsar." At this time all that was visible of the magnificent structure of the palace of the Cæsars, which at one time covered the whole of the hill, no less than sixty-two acres, were some picturesque fragments of ivy-clad walls, jutting up here and there from among the vines and vegetables and at two corners great masses of unrecognized ruins. The excavations which have been continued to the present time, have given us a good idea of the construction and arrangement of a grand Roman house. A more particular description would be interesting but we can only say that everything indicates a luxury and civilization which we do not generally ascribe to the ancients.

In one of the open courts of the palace is a shapeless mass of concrete which is the scanty remains of the Temple of Jupiter Stator, founded by Romulus on the spot where the tide of battle turned against the Sabines. It was in this temple that Cicero convened the Senate on the discovery of the great conspiracy against the Republic, and where out of all patience when he saw Cataline walk deliberately in with the other Senators, he arose and broke out with that incom-

parable and terrible vindictive beginning, "*Quo usque tandem abutere, Catalina, patientia nostra?*"

In the underground stories are cellars with wine jugs about the size of the arm, sharp at the bottom, and some three feet long. They were made of baked clay, the material looking about like unglazed yellow or brown flower pots. In these chambers are frescoes with the painting yet bright. The bricks of which the inner walls of Roman buildings were constructed are about ten inches square and not more than one in thickness, and were often stamped with the name of the emperor in whose reign they were made.

The walls of one room which had evidently been used as a school room for the slaves of the palace, were scratched and marked similar to some of our modern school houses. In one place is the figure of a Roman soldier, in another a rude sketch of a mill driven by an ass, under which is the inscription, "Labor like an ass as I have done and it will drag you down." One of these rude scrawls seems to record the joy of some boy over the dismission of an unpopular teacher, for it reads, "*Corinthus exit de paedagogio,*" which might be freely translated. "Corinthus has been kicked out of the school room." In this room also was found the celebrated caricature of the Christians which represents a man with the head of an ass hanging to a cross, with two men being crucified one on each side of him, and underneath is the inscription in Greek, "Alexamenos worships this God," which was evidently intended to ridicule some pupil of the Christian faith.

In one place the excavations have brought to light parts of the wall built by Romulus around the Palatine, in the time when Rome was only a fort, and this the only hill occupied.

It is constructed of large blocks of hard tufa put together without mortar, and so closely fitted that a knife-blade can scarcely be put between the joints, and is as solid now as when built 750 years before Christ. Adjoining this is the grotto supposed to be the cave in which the she-wolf nourished the twins, Romulus and Remus. Standing at the entrance to this grotto and near this old historic wall, we seem to be almost able to look into the land and times of fable, and to reach back and grasp the mythical and unknown past.

Not far from the Forum along the Appian way we come to the Colosseum, the grandest and best known of all the ruins of Rome, and which is all and even more to the traveler than can ever be described. Its massiveness has ever been a symbol of the greatness of Rome and gave rise among the Anglo-Saxon pilgrims of the 8th century to the saying:

> "While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand;
> When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall;
> And when Rome falls—the World."

Near it are the beautiful arch of Constantine, and the basis on which stood the magnificent gilded statue, 120 feet high, of Nero as god of the Sun.

There are many places in Rome associated, in tradition at least, with one or more of the apostles. We visit the three small, low, arched rooms some ten feet below the surface of the modern city, in what is certainly known to be the hired house in which St. Paul dwelt while in Rome. The old Etruscan prison is shown us in which it is said St. Peter and St. Paul were confined. In this prison we are shown the impression of a human face in the hard rock, and are told that

when Peter was being led down into this prison, the jailor cruelly pushed his head against the wall and that this miraculous impression of his face was thus made. In the lower prison we are shown the post to which Peter was chained, and the well or spring which had a miraculous origin, furnishing the water with which Peter baptized the jailor and forty other converts. We drank of it from a very old tin cup, which looked venerable enough to have had its origin at the same time as the spring. Into this dark, damp dungeon, Cataline's conspirators were thrown after the discovery of their crime, and into this same fearful place, Jugurtha, after being led before the triumphal car of Marius, was hurled naked, and being left without food, miserably perished at the end of six days. As the dampness and cold penetrated to our very bones, I could realize the appropriateness of the exclamation which Tacitus says fell from Jugurtha's lips when he was dropped into this dungeon; "Gods! how cold your bath is."

Among the most interesting of the ruins of the ancient city are those of the bathing establishments, founded by the different Emperors for the free use of the people of Rome. Passing under the Arch of Constantine, one of the most perfectly preserved relics of former times, and along the celebrated Appian Way, a drive of half an hour brings us to the Thermae, or Baths, built by Caracalla. These ruins which are pretty well preserved, cover, in all, many acres and give substantial evidence of what the building must have been when completed, nearly 1700 years ago. In many places the side walls are standing, and in one or two, the arches of the roof which was of solid masonry. The entire structure was in the form of a quadrangle, and surrounded by a colonade and porticos. A

broad walk extended around the building; outside of this there was a course for chariot races, and beyond this large pleasure grounds.

The Roman bath consisted of three parts or courses; first, the hot air bath, then the hot water bath, and finally the cold water or swimming bath. The uses of the different rooms, and the adaptation of each to its special use, can even yet be easily distinguished. The rooms for the hot air and hot water baths were heated from pipes placed in the floor and walls. The openings through which these pipes passed, and in one or two instances pieces of the pipes in them can be seen. The shape and size of several of the large marble bath tubs with their abundance of pipes for warm and cold water, for hot air and waste water, are yet to be seen, and one even has a portion of the original marble lining. The last bath, the cold water swimming bath, was an immense marble tank eighty feet long, in which the bathers, after passing through the other two, plunged and swam from side to side. A branch aqueduct was built for the sole purpose of supplying these great baths with water. There were also separate suites of rooms with all necessary conveniences for women.

Besides those mentioned there were reading rooms, libraries, rooms for various kinds of amusements and for other purposes. The brick and concrete walls were covered without and within with beautiful stone brought from Egypt, and the whole building was ornamented with statuary, some of which is preserved in the various museums in the city. The floors were of mosaic and in some of the rooms are yet nearly perfect. The whole building was on such an immense scale that 1600 bathers could be accommodated in it at once. If these baths could be

restored as they were when completed and placed in any of our cities, they would be considered marvels not only of beauty and elegance, but also of ingenuity and convenience, and would be one of the wonders of the city in which they might be located. We were shown the spot, high up in a corner of the ruined wall, where Shelley was accustomed to sit for hours at a time, and where he wrote, "Pometheus Unbound."

Two or three miles beyond this, along the Appian Way, is the church of St. Sebastian, which stands over one of the best known catacombs about the city. The road leads for the most part through the low grounds of the Campagnia, much of the time between high walls built almost entirely from the plundered ruins of the ancient city. It strikes us strangely to see every few feet among the brick and stone of which the walls are built, the gleam of a piece of beautiful white marble, and we grow indignant at that vandalism which can pull down a marble palace to build a wall around a corn field.

On the way we pass a small chapel, on the very spot, as the legend has it, where Christ met Peter as he was fleeing from the city by night to escape martyrdom. When Peter inquired of him, "*Domine, quo vadis?*" "Master, whither goest thou?" and received the answer, "I come to be again crucified," shamed from his weakness by this reply, he returned to the city to his prison, and the next day was crucified with his head downward. This little chapel is called from this incident, the church of "Domine quo Vadis."

Each one of our party having been given a small wax candle, we go down through the pavement of the church into the

catacombs, and in a moment are in the vast and silent city of the dead. The passages are damp and narrow, with shelves or niches on each side for the reception of the bodies of the dead. These niches which are cut into the soft tufa rock, are in two rows, one above the other. When a body was placed in one of them, a marble slab was put over the opening and sealed in. The slab was inscribed with the name of the dead, and sometimes a brief motto, as "*in pace*," or something similar in character. But few of those we saw contained bones of their occupants, although in the few minutes we were taking our dismal walk we must have passed the resting places of many hundred bodies. The passages which are only wide enough for one person at a time, branch off in every direction, so that it would be an easy matter for a person to become lost in the catacombs. We felt an involuntary sense of relief when we were once more above ground and in the sunlight, which for a few minutes seemed strangely bright.

The Pantheon is the only entirely preserved ancient building in Rome. It was erected in the year 27 B. C., and is supposed to have been at first intended as an appendage to the Baths of Agrippa, the ruins of which are in the rear of the Pantheon. Mention has already been made that the vault of this building, which is made of concrete, is one of the largest in the world. The building is circular and lighted only from a circular opening in the dome twenty-eight feet in diameter. The material of the walls is concrete and brick, and they were originally covered with stucco and marble. The level, both of the streets and the bed of the Tiber has risen so much during 1800 years that the floor of the Pantheon is now several feet below the surface of the street, and is flooded by the river

at high water. The illumination, entirely from the dome, produces such a beautiful effect, that even in ancient times it gave rise to the belief that the temple took its name, Pantheon, from its resemblance to the vault of heaven.

About the year 600, it was consecrated as a Christian Church, in the commemoration of which event we have the festival of All Saints, on the first day of November. This act has probably been the means of preserving it from the hands of the destroyers who waged such relentless and cowardly war against the gigantic work of their ancestors. There is every reason to believe that all the other great buildings and monuments of ancient Rome would have been standing to-day, in as perfect a state of preservation as the Pantheon, if they had not been pulled in pieces by the Italians of the middle ages.

The Pantheon is the resting place of many distinguished men, among whom is the immortal Raphael. The body of Victor Emanuel had just been placed in the walls at the time of our last visit.

But the prominence which the length of this chapter has already given to Rome prevents our speaking of the magnificence of Nero's Golden Palace; of the places of Roman burial; of the home of the great Tribune, Rienzi, now a blacksmith shop, and near it the remains of the very bridge so bravely defended by Horatius; of Mt. Testaccio, 170 feet high, built entirely of broken pottery; of the Protestant Cemetery where are buried many illustrious foreigners, among them the poet Keats and the heart of the poet Shelley, whose body was buried where it had washed on shore in the Bay of Spezia; of the Vatican with its treasures of art and its 1100 rooms; of the Sacred Stairs, up which we saw pilgrims toil

ing on their knees; of the 365 churches which the city is said to contain; of the great aqueducts which supply the city with water, and of the hundreds of other things of interest which are around us on every side.

When we see the vastness of the ruins, and remember that marble and precious stones were as common as brick in a modern city, and that a world was plundered to enrich this magnificent capitol, we can get something of an idea of what the city must have been when she sat on her seven hills mistress of the world. It is said by contemporary writers that there were as many statues in the city as inhabitants, when her citizens were numbered by millions, and that Roman generals had plundered the Greek cities of their works of art until they did not have even a god left to worship.

The destruction of this city has been falsely ascribed to the Goths and Vandals, when in reality it is largely due to the Italians themselves, for the modern city was mostly constructed of material plundered from the old. What marble has not been needed for buildings has been put through the lime kiln, until now but little remains of the old dilapidated city except brick and concrete walls.

As we wander for days among the ruins of this great city, our respect and admiration for the ancient Romans hourly increase, and we cease to look upon them as a half civilized people whose only delight was in war. Few spots in the world have played so prominent a part in the world's history, and I confess I saw few things in Europe which made such an impression on me, or were of greater interest than these broken remains of the greatness of the greatest nation the world has

ever seen. I seemed to stand in the cemetery of nations beside its most celebrated monument.

CHAPTER XV.

FLORENCE.

LEAVING Rome by early morning train, and going by way of Foligno, Cortona and Arezzo, at about sunset we are in Florence. Nearly all the way the road is at the foot of the Apennines, and through a variegated country. We are hardly out of Rome before we come to the little station of Rotondo, on the Tiber, where Garibaldi was defeated by the French, and but a few miles beyond, to the remains of the ancient Sabine town, Cures, the home of Numa Pompilius. As far as Narni we are in the beautiful and fertile valley of the Nera, and a part of the time in sight of the lofty Mt. Soracte. Until we reach Foligno we are constantly in the midst of scenery and passing through places which are well known to ancient history. Just before reaching Cortona the train skirts the beautiful lake Trasimenus, which is shut in by wooded and olive-clad hills, in one of whose gorges Hannibal annihilated the army of the Roman Consul, Flaminius. A little beyond Arezzo the railway enters the valley of the Arno, where it forces its way through a mountain pass and continues down its banks at the base of foot hills whose sides are cultivated but their summits mostly barren. After some two hours more with a

great sweep around the city, the train glides into Florence, and a short ride by omnibus brings us to our hotel on the banks of the Arno.

There is probably no city in Italy which is on the whole so pleasing to travelers and in which so many cultured foreigners live as Florence. Besides being a city of palaces and beautiful drives, it is the birthplace and home of modern art. Her many beautiful churches, her numerous and rich galleries of art and her hundreds of studios and artists make her a favorite residence for those who are interested in literature and art. The situation of the city in the valley of the Arno, at the foot of lofty mountains, the view stretching away toward the south over fertile plains, is one which goes far toward making Florence a beautiful and attractive city.

The city is built on both sides of the Arno, which is spanned by several fine bridges. The Arno like the Tiber has received a great deal of flattery at the hands of poets, but mortals of ordinary intelligence think the waters of both these rivers are far too muddy to be worthy the lavish praise which has been bestowed on them. However that may be, neither Rome nor Florence could spare its river, yellow and dirty though it may be. We remember one of those beautiful Italian nights with the full moon sailing a cloudless sky, when we sat at our window until midnight looking out upon the Arno, which was reflecting the moon and stars from its quiet surface. Across the stream the well defined outlines of hill and palace could be plainly seen, while below us along the Lung Arno, the street was full of people walking, laughing and singing until far after midnight. The Arno which looked like a stream of molten silver *was* beautiful then, and we forgot for the time at least,

the tawny wave and dirty foam which met our eye under the morning sun. Formerly the city was surrounded by walls, but, as is the case with most European cities these have been removed and broad drives made in their places. The gates only remain, reminding one of triumphal arches.

The foundation of the literary and artistic supremacy of Florence was laid by the immortal Dante, more than six hundred years ago. Probably no city in the world has had associated with it so many men who are well known to history and art. The long list includes such names as Giotto, Alberti, Ghiberti, Donatello, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Galileo, Machiavelli, and a score of others any one of which would be glory enough for one city. The history of her ruling family, the Medici, is known the world over. The *Renaissance* began here in the early part of the fifteenth century. In modern times, while Florence may not have given to the world any great artists, she has done a great amount of faithful work, and has been a most potent influence in forming the artistic taste of the world.

The limits which we proposed to ourselves in this little volume, will not permit more than a general mention of the galleries, works of art, studios and magnificent cathedrals which the city contains. One's entire time for many months given to the study of the art of the city would be well spent.

The two great picture galleries, the Uffizi and the Pitti Palace, which are on opposite sides of the Arno and connected by a long corridor across the river, will naturally receive an early visit. The Uffizi was founded by the Medici family, and both in value and extent is one of the finest in the world. A small octagonal room called the Tribuna contains the gems of the collection, both of ancient sculpture and modern painting.

In the center of the room are five masterpieces of ancient sculpture, including the celebrated Venus de Medici, which was found in the Villa of Hadrian, near Tivoli. On the walls are some fifty paintings by such artists as Raphael, Van Dyck, Correggio, Titian, Rubens, Michael Angelo, Paolo Veronese and others. I suppose no other room in the world of its size contains so much that is valuable in art, and which will so well repay careful study. The remainder of the collection which consists of thousands of paintings and pieces of sculpture, and other things which pertain to art, is mostly arranged according to schools, and will well repay days of study if the traveler can give them. On the first floor of the building is the grand National Library, which contains 300,000 volumes, many of them very rare, and 8,000 manuscripts.

Following the gallery which leads across the Arno, we reach the Pitti Palace, which is the home of the ruling sovereign of Italy when he is in Florence, and which also contains a small but very choice collection of paintings and works of art. It is said that no collection in Italy has so many masterpieces and so few inferior works. The Academy of Fine Arts, the National Museum, many private collections, and scores of beautifully decorated cathedrals are within reach of the student of art, but the ordinary tourist who has but little time at command will not probably be able to visit them. The mistake too frequently made by those who have but little time is in going over too many things, and having in the end only an indistinct impression of any thing.

Of the many cathedrals, the tourist, however little may be the time at his disposal, will visit two, the Duomo or great Cathedral of the City, and San Lorenzo, which contains the

Chapel of the Medici. It is supposed that the ground on which the Duomo stands has been used for the purposes of Christian worship since twenty-five years after the death of the Saviour. The Duomo and its Bell Tower, which is a detatched structure, are wonderfully fine in design and execution, and apart from their great size, are remarkable for the wealth of ornamentation with which they abound. An illustrated article in a recent number of *Harper's Monthly* gives a fine account of the building of the cathedral, and the artists who were employed in beautifying it.

San Lorenzo is remarkable particularly for the very fine statue of Lorenzo de Medici, by Michael Angelo, which is by many considered his finest work, and by Nathaniel Hawthorne regarded as a miracle of art. Here also is the Medici Chapel, which is magnificent beyond any description and is said to have cost $4,500,000. It has more wealth lavished on it than any tomb in the world excepting only one in a heathen temple of India.

In 1870 a prince of one of the ruling families of India died suddenly in Florence, and his body was burned just outside the city with all the forms and ceremonies of the Hindu religion. A magnificent monument has recently been erected on the spot.

Those who have a curiosity for such things, can see the houses in which lived Cellini, Dante, Galileo, Ghiberti, Machiavelli, Amerigo Vespucci, and other distinguished men. Not far out of the city is the tower,

> "Where Galileo sat at night to take
> The vision of the stars,"

and the villa where in his old age he was visited by Milton. Of the drives in and about the city too much cannot be said in praise, and none will give more pleasure than one including the English Cemetery in which lie the remains of Mrs. Browning, Walter Savage Landor, Theodore Parker, and many English and Americans whose names are not so widely known.

Like Milan and Turin, Florence is essentially a modern city, and the eye will look in vain for any ruins or for that which will remind one of Roman times. As far as I have ever noticed, the city is kept neat and clean, which cannot be said of most Italian cities, and everything is done to make it a desirable place of residence for foreigners. Probably no city of Europe of its size has so many foreigners living in it, and reaps such a harvest from foreign gold. In both Florence and Rome there are many English and American permanent residents, mostly artists. One of the wealthiest and most popular men in the city is a descendant of one of the oldest families of Albany, N. Y., and has lived in Florence for many years. With but this brief and passing mention we must leave thee, Florence, "The most beautiful city in the world," as more than one traveler has called thee, but may we never forget the many pleasant days thy varied beauty has given us.

Leaving Florence by morning train for Venice, we pass through a rich plain at the foot of the Appennines and in an hour reach Pistoja, the place where pistols are said to have been first made and from which they took their name. Near here Cataline, the great conspirator, at the head of a small body of men, was defeated and slain. The greater part of the way to Bologna which we reach in a little more than three hours from Pistoja, the railroad follows the valley of the Re-

no through the spurs of the Appennines, which afford a remarkable succession of beautiful views, cascades and tunnels. To most of us the first thing which will be suggested at the mention of Bologna will be the well known sausage of that name which is common in butcher shops, and which was first concocted here. Aside from the ancient appearance of the city as we see it from the railway carriage, we want to remember that its University founded in 1119 is, perhaps, the oldest in the world and at one time had 10,000 students, mostly studying law. The anatomy of the human frame was first taught here, and galvanism was discovered by the wife of Professor Galvani about one hundred years ago. It is also a fact to be noted, particularly by American ladies, that there have been many ladies among the corps of its instructors. The first one, more than five hundred years ago, was a lady of great beauty, and in order not to distract the attention of the students, is said to have been concealed by a curtain when she lectured.

To Ferrara, a ride of about an hour, we are most of the time in a flat but fertile region, largely given to rice culture. It is situated some three miles south of the Po, and is a city of only one-fourth its former number of inhabitants, having all the symptoms of being on the down grade. Perhaps the infamous Lucretia Borgia, who was the wife of one of Ferara's nobles, may have brought desolation on the city as a punishment of her crimes. To Padua, a ride of about two hours, the railway is through a level and fertile but uninteresting country. Just before entering Padua we pass a little village, Abano, which attracts our attention from having been the birth place of the historian Livy.

Padua is one of the oldest cities of Italy and claims its ori-

gin from the mythical king of Troy, Antenor, the brother of Priam. The University, which has been in existence for 650 years, all during the middle ages ranked as the very best in Europe, and is of considerable repute at the present time. After a ride of nearly an hour over a level country with the Tyrolese Alps in view to the north, the spires and towers of Venice, apparently rising out of the sea, come in sight. Soon we are near enough to see the houses of the city which appear to rest on the water, and as we see it from the shore of the lagoon, the whole city looks like some fairy creation floating on the sea. A few minutes later we are crossing the massive bridge, two and a third miles long, over the lagoon, and enter the depot, where securing our luggage we step out of the building and take the Venetian omnibus, a gondola, for our hotel.

CHAPTER XVI.

VENICE.

HOW strangely the fate of cities as well as of men, seems to be decided. A band of outlaws defending themselves on a small hill in a rough inland country, founded Rome, the mistress of the world for nearly a thousand years. On the overthrow of the Western Roman Empire, when Italy was overrun by hordes of Northern barbarians, the Veneti were driven from their fertile homes on the north bank of the Po and took refuge on the low islands along the Adriatic coast, where

among the rushes and yellow willows they built their huts and reared their families, their very poverty protecting them from the rapacity of their conquerers. From this unpropitious beginning sprang Venice, the bright queen of the Adriatic, for centuries the mistress of the sea, and an independent state for 1376 years. Around her are gathered more of romance and song, of chivalry and jealous despotism, of beauty and the blackest tragedy of the wickedness of the human heart, than about almost any other place in the world.

Imagine if you can a city with no broad paved streets, no rattle of carts, no sound or sight of horses, but in their places the dark water flowing between the houses and the gentle splash of the waves as the black gondolas speed swiftly by, a city where the busy din of ceaseless activity seems to have died out forever, or rather never to have been born, and you have something of an idea of Venice.

The center of the city in attraction of every kind is the Piazza of St. Mark, an open oblong some 500 by 250 feet, well paved and surrounded on all sides by historic buildings, the church of St. Mark and its wonderful bell tower, the Palace of the Doges, the Royal Palace and the finest shops and cafes in the whole city.

The church of St. Mark is a museum of curiosities, and if one has seen all the cathedrals of Europe except this it will pay to go a thousand miles for the privilege of going through it. The church is built in the shape of a Greek cross, and from the exterior looks half church, half mosque. It has a wonderful amount of decoration externally as well as in the interior, and is a maze of domes, marble pillars, arches and mosaics. Over the principal entrance are the four bronze

horses, which are supposed to have been brought to Rome from Greece, from there taken to Constantinople, and when that city was conquered by one of the Doges in the middle ages, brought to Venice. Napoleon carried them to Paris, but was afterwards obliged to return them with the spoils plundered from other European cities. They weigh about two tons each and are of solid copper.

Passing through the vestibule one is bewildered by the sight before him. The ceiling, sides and floor are literally covered with mosaics, of which there are enough to ceil a room 700 feet square. The floor of the cathedral is a mixture of mosaic and beautiful marble, and is very uneven, parts of the foundation having settled. Around the church are mementos from all parts of the world, and noticeably a large number of very fine representations in bronze.

Beneath the richly ornamented High Altar are the relics and remains of St. Mark. Behind this is a second altar with four spiral columns of alabaster, of which the two center ones which are nearly white and semi-transparent, are said to have belonged to Solomon's Temple. Among the other curious things in the cathedral are the stone on which John the Baptist was beheaded, a crystal vase containing some of the "Blood of the Savior," a fragment of the true cross, a portion of the skull of St. John, and a number of other sacred and interesting relics.

It was in the vestibule of this cathedral that the emperor Barbarossa kneeled before the Pope and as a sign of subjection received the pontiff's foot upon his neck. Here also were interred in 1868 the remains of Italy's idolized hero, Dan-

iel Manin, the President of the Republic of 1848, the only one who has been thus honored during the last three centuries.

In front of the church is the Bell Tower, a square-based, brick structure more than three hundred feet high, from which there is a fine view of the city, the canals, the sea, and the mainland. As most of the houses are covered with dingy old tiles, and the chimneys are made of the same material, the view reminds one strongly of a vast, deserted brick yard with thousands of old flower pots scattered over it. On the left of St. Mark's is the clock tower, with automatic figures, which go through various motions when the clock strikes the hours, the wonder and admiration of all the Venetians. When the clock strikes two, a multitude of pigeons, which have their homes in the buildings about the square, come to be fed, and it is one of the things to do to buy corn at the rate of about five dollars per bushel to feed them. When there are no travelers about they are fed at public expense.

Where the Piazzetta touches the Grand Canal are two granite columns which were brought from Syria in the twelfth century. One is surmounted with a winged lion of St. Mark and the other with a figure of St. Theodore, one of the early patrons of the Republic. He is standing on the back of a crocodile, holding a sword in his *left* hand and a shield in his right, and is the only known instance of a *left-handed* saint. The Royal Palace and Mint, both fine buildings, are on one side of the open square. At the time of our visit the young king and queen were in the city and we saw them several times on the balcony of the palace.

On the opposite side of the square is the Doge's Palace, which, founded a little more than a thousand years ago, has

been five times destroyed and rebuilt. It is at the present time a fine building, literally filled with pictures and mementos of the long and eventful history of the Republic. The Hall of the Grand Council, a magnificent room, is completely covered with historical and other pictures. Tintoretto's "The Glory of Paradise," said to be the largest picture ever painted on canvas (84 by 34 feet), covers one entire end of the Hall.

We are shown through rooms fitted up for various state purposes, and along dark and mysterious passages which lead to the still darker dungeons where prisoners were confined. The ignorant sentimentalism of poets, and particularly of Byron, has clothed everything about the palace and prisons with an interest of which the places themselves are entirely unworthy.

From an upper story of the Palace we cross the canal to the prison on the famous "Bridge of Sighs," which Byron has immortalized by the lines beginning,

> "I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
> A palace and a prison on each hand."

The keen-sighted Howells in his "Venetian Life," refers to the Bridge of Sighs as "that pathetic swindle," and indeed one might pass it a dozen times and never suspect anything of its greatness unless it were pointed out to him. To hear the story of horror which the guide tells (and by the way Antonio's English is funny enough to start the vest buttons on a mummy), one would think that the building was planned and built entirely for the purpose of seeing how many criminals it would be possible to put through it in a day. It is generally conceded now that the horror of the punishments inflicted by the Doges consisted largely in the fact of their secrecy, the accused man being suddenly arrested and never more seen or heard of after he entered the gates of the Palace.

The city has a large number of churches, many of them very fine, of which we visit only a few; one for Tintoretto's masterpiece, the "Marriage of Cana," another for the striking monuments of Titian, who died of the plague in Venice, and of Canova, the greatest of modern sculptors; a third for the vast literary archives in an adjoining monastery, one of the largest collections in the world. It fills three hundred rooms and is said to have the almost incredible number of 14,000,000 documents, some of them dating back a thousand years.

In one of the numerous palaces of the city are the two gigantic figures by Canova, Ajax and Hector, which to my unprofessional eye are the finest pieces of statuary in Europe. If they could only be buried awhile and then dug up, stained and mutilated, the artistic world would go wild with admiration over them. But of course as they have not the mustiness of ages about them they are of but little account. Our late countryman, A. T. Stewart, in vain offered $200,000 for them.

One of the most interesting places in the city and the last building to which we shall take the reader, is the old Arsenal, which at one time employed 16,000 men. On each side of the imposing entrance are two granite lions brought from Athens, one believed to have been from the battle field of Marathon. It is said that when Napoleon I. conquered Venice, he broke the heads from the lions and cast them into the canal. Three of them were afterward recovered and replaced, but the fourth one was not found and so the other lion was furnished with a new head.

The various rooms of the Arsenal are filled with models of galleys, instruments of torture, ancient weapons, armor and various mementos of the former greatness of the Republic.

There is a model of the Doge's state galley which was broken up by Napoleon for the gold with which it was richly ornamented. It was manned by a crew of 128 rowers, and was used on all state occasions, particularly when the Doge performed the ceremony of wedding the sea. The first mortar ever used, in 1368, made of coiled rope spiked together, which threw a stone ball of one hundred pounds weight, is preserved in the Arsenal.

The Venetians were the earliest European nation to use fire arms, and the Arsenal has from the sixteenth century a five shot revolver which would make Colonel Colt blush for his reputation as an inventor, breech-loading guns and cannons, Gatling guns of twenty shots, and a two mile range gun made of eleven parts screwed together. Among notable things are the iron helmet of Attila, king of the Huns, and Othello's armor. The Othello of Shakespeare's "Moor of Venice," was not a Moor at all, but a Venetian named Carlo Moro, governor of the island of Morea.

Of course every one makes the tour of the Grand Canal in a gondola by daylight, and also by moonlight if possible. The boatmen point out the various palaces which form an almost continuous line on both sides of the canal. Most of these are dilapidated and show prominently the chronic decay from which the city is suffering. Noticing the gondolier seemed to never be at a loss to name any building which was pointed out, one of our party innocently asked for the palace of Mark Twain. After a moment's hesitation he pointed his long dirty finger towards a tumble-down old palace, and was greeted with a perfect shout of laughter. I doubt if to this day he sees the point to the game played on him.

The Grand Canal, the aristocratic street, if we may call it a *street*, winds through the city not unlike a gigantic letter S in form, and near the center is crossed by the celebrated bridge called the *Rialto*. This name was first applied to the main island on which the city was commenced, and this island has always been the center of the city. This is probably the sense in which Shakespeare uses it in the "Merchant of Venice," when Shylock says,

> "Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
> In the Rialto you have rated me."

The bridge to which the name is now applied is a single arch across the canal, and consists of a foot passage with rows of cheap shops on each side of it.

Our visit to the city was fortunately at the time when the young king and queen were making their tour of the Italian cities, at the expiration of the ceremonial time of mourning for their father Victor Emanuel. At night the city was illuminated, while thousands of people were crowding the Piazza in front of the Palace and cheering heartily whenever the king and queen came in sight. One of those ideal Italian nights, when the moon was full and ladies could be out in the open air until midnight without extra wrapping, there was a serenade on the Grand Canal, the singers coming slowly from the Rialto to the Palace accompanied by, it seemed to me, every one of the 4,000 passenger gondolas in the city, each filled with happy pleasure seekers. The sweet voices of the singers, the soft air, the wonderfully bright moon, and the strange surroundings combined to form a memory picture which can never be forgotten.

One day there was a grand procession of all the beautiful boats in the city, surrounding the modest little barge in which the king and queen were sailing. The king wore a dress suit and plug hat, and the queen was elegantly dressed and had a crown on her head and a scepter in her hand, as the traditional queen always does.

The gondoliers were a constantly increasing source of admiration to me. They are wonderfully dexterous with the single oar which they use, and which they do not remove from the water. Standing in the stern of the boat with this single oar they propel the gondola and at the same time have such command over it that when going at rapid speed they can turn a square corner within an inch of grazing it, and can stop almost instantly. The gondolas are thirty-two feet long, and have a steep elevated prow which is a guage to tell whether the boat will pass under the numerous low bridges which cross the small canals throughout the city. A good gondola costs about $300. By an edict of the Doges, four hundred years ago, they were all painted black, and all private gondolas have ever since had that color.

Venice has been a remarkable city in events, arts and literature as well as notable men. Here the illustrious Galileo, at that time a professor in the University of Padua, invented the telescope. The order of Jesuits was organized here in 1536. With Venice are associated Titian, Tintoretto, Canova, Tasso, Marco Polo, and hundreds of others not unknown to fame. In 1469 a Venetian printed the first book ever issued from the press in Italy, while here lived the celebrated Aldini, of classical fame. More books in the Hebrew language are supposed to have been printed here than in all Christendom

combined. In the sixteenth century the first newspaper in the world was printed in Venice and sold for a coin called a *Gazetta* and from this came our name Gazette as applied to a paper. She issued the first Bill of Exchange, and had the first Bank of Deposit and Discount. Artillery was first used by the Venetians against the Genoese, and before this they had machines which would hurl with crushing force a stone weighing a ton and a half.

As we glide through the noiseless streets of this city, which seems as if it might have sprung from the depths of the sea, as we pass miles of half-empty palaces which are scarcely kept from sinking back into the blue Adriatic, as we see on every side of us evidences of a civilization earlier and different from anything we have known in America, we feel how small a part we as a nation have thus far taken in the world's history, and that among nations like the ones whose remains are around us everywhere in Italy, we are hardly yet out of our swaddling clothes.

"Oh Venice! Venice! when thy marble walls
Are level with the waters, there shall be
A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,
A loud lament along the sweeping sea."

CHAPTER XVII.

NORTHERN ITALY.

LEAVING Venice by early morning train we reach Milan at night, stopping over a train at Verona. Passing through Padua and Vicenza by noon we are nearing Verona, which is situated at the foot of the Alps. Much of the way there are beautiful views toward the mountains, and as we near them the country becomes very fertile and highly cultivated. The irrigating canals bring fruitfulness from the melting snows of the Alps, and vineyards, fields of corn and grain, and mulberry trees, whose leaves support the silk worm, are around us on every side.

Verona is attractive to the traveler for two things, the Amphitheatre and the swindle known as Juliet's Tomb. Next to the Coliseum at Rome the Verona Amphitheatre is the grandest work of the ancient Romans which has come down to us. But little inferior in size to the Coliseum it is so remarkably well preserved that in its vast rows of seats which rise one above another hardly a stone is missing, and it could seat its audience of 50,000 people as comfortably now as in the unknown time more than 2,000 years ago when it was built. It had a chariot course around the outer side of the wall which was reached by an inclined way winding around it, as in the common pictures of the Tower of Babel. The lower corridors of the ruin have been inclosed and are used as shops. If the arena were excavated to its former level and the dungeons

and dens cleared out the Roman prefect might again take his place of honor, the Roman audience again crowd in upon the stone seats, and even the gladiators and wild beasts spring from the under-ground passages into the arena as in former times.

There is perhaps nothing in the English language so attractive to lovers as Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," and this is probably the reason why travelers who stop at Verona almost without an exception go through a large garden to an ordinary house, and in the wood shed adjoining gaze in admiration on a large stone horse trough, which, without the slightest foundation in fact, is called the Tomb of Juliet. Nothing can be less romantic, and after one fair view of the supposed wonder it begins to dawn upon us that the whole thing is one of those numerous devices which are so common to get money out of the uninitiated traveler. It does not require a vivid imagination to realize that the officious attendant who, with a peculiar twinkle in his eye and a smile which might be called "child-like and bland," is jingling our money in his pocket, and laughing at us as a party of ninnies while he smiles so graciously on us as we quickly take our departure.

The Tombs of the Scaligers, a once powerful family of Verona, are well worth a visit, as they are very quaint and are emblazoned with their peculiar coat of arms, a ladder.

A ride of some four hours, most of the way near the foot of the Alps, and for the most part through a fertile country, brings us to the beautiful city of Milan, the capital of Lombardy, the second city in Italy in population and the most prosperous. It and Turin show evidences of being largely modern cities, most of the streets being wide and well paved,

and many of the buildings very fine. Since the revolution of 1859, no cities in Italy have made such rapid improvement as these two.

The rich plain in which Milan is situated has been fought for by French, Austrians and Italians from time immemorial. The battle fields of Lodi and Marengo where the great Napoleon won such signal victories, and of Magenta, the military glory of Napoleon III., are all near the city. While Milan has cared for her material prosperity she has not neglected her opportunities for art, and to-day is a vigorous rival of any city in Italy in these matters. Milan, "the grand," is noted the world over for her wonderful cathedral which is the largest and finest gothic structure in the world. It covers an area of about two and a half acres, and is distinguished more for its exterior decorations than for the beauty of its interior.

There are positions from which the view across the Cathedral discloses a wonderful number of great pillars and gives an impression of massiveness which I do not remember to have received in any other cathedral. The chapel of St. Borromeo underneath the church is rich in work, in silver and in precious stones.

But it is a visit to the roof and spire of this great Cathedral which calls forth our wonder and admiration. The roof, which is of blocks of solid marble, is such a labyrinth of turrets, butments and elaborate ornament of every kind, that guides are generally sent up with the parties to prevent them from wandering around and losing the way. From the platform of the spire the view is probably the finest to be had from any church tower in the world. The broad plain of Lombardy which lies below us is seen to be bounded on the north by the

best known of the Alps, and on the south by the Apennines. To the extreme east, beyond Turin, the lofty Mont Cenis can be distinguished.

Not the least interesting of all is the wonderful roof which we look down upon, with its thousands of pieces of statuary, for it is said that when the decorations are completed there will be 10,000 marble figures, mostly on the outside of the building, and more than half of these are already in place. There is a small engine on the roof for hoisting material, and also the houses in which the workmen cut the marble. The roof is almost a city in itself.

In one of the inferior churches is the celebrated "Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci, one of the best known and most admired of the great paintings of the world. It has unfortunately received very bad treatment and is now very much injured, so much so that seeing it gives very little satisfaction. Probably no finer face of the Savior has ever been painted, and yet the great artist himself said that he was not able to realize on the fresco his conception of the heavenly beauty and grace of the countenance. There was a very beautiful copy of this picture in tapestry at the Paris Exposition.

The Gallery of Victor Emanuel, a beautiful glass-covered arcade with shops on each side, costing in all more than $1,500,000, is the finest building of its kind in Europe. When its 2,000 gas jets are lighted in the evening it is as brilliant a place as one can well imagine. The architect fell from a high scaffold just as the building was being completed and was instantly killed. His monument is an inscription cut in the base of the stone arch near where he fell.

The La Scala Theatre is the second largest in Europe.

The stage, one hundred and fifty feet deep, is alone as large as an ordinary theatre.

When Napoleon I. constructed that wonderful military road across the Alps by the Simplon pass, he proposed to continue it to Milan, and terminate it in the city with a grand triumphal arch, and indeed he commenced the arch, but met his great reverse of fortune before it was completed. It has, however, since been finished and is now one of the many beautiful ornaments of the city.

A ride of ninety miles toward the east through as fertile and beautiful a country as my eyes ever saw, brings us to Turin, for a time the capital of the kingdom of Italy. On the way our train stops at Magenta, the scene of the battle which gave liberty to Italy, and where the late President of the French Republic, Marshal MacMahon, at that time the world's hero, by his bravery and strategy won the great victory and was then on the field of battle created Marshal of France and Duke of Magenta. A monument, a few grassy mounds, and some nearly obscured earthworks are all that remain to remind us that on this fertile plain, where we see waving corn, vines, and fig trees, nearly 17,000 men laid down their lives on that bloody day, eighteen years ago.

Even more than Milan is Turin a modern city, for like most of the cities of northern Italy it has been repeatedly destroyed by the vicissitudes of war. For this reason, while it is a beautiful and prosperous city, it has but comparatively little of interest to the traveler. Victor Emanuel had his home here and it was his favorite residence until his death. The Palace, the Armory, the new Synagogue, and the many beautiful drives about the city are all worthy the notice of the traveler. The

streets are broad, regular, well paved and kept very clean, while most of the houses are of apparently modern construction. It would be hard to find a city anywhere which would more nearly come up to the American idea of an enterprising, wide-awake city.

We were pleased with Northern Italy, with the enterprise and ambition of the people, and most of all with the confidence which they seemed to have in themselves to again become a united and powerful nation. Since our former visit, five years ago, there is a marked improvement in the people and the country, and were it not for that incubus which Italy in common with other European nations hangs about her neck, a large standing army, she would make rapid progress in material success. Young Italy has shaken off the dust of her former dead ages, and rising in all the hope and vigor of her newly found life, is making rapid strides toward regaining what she lost while she slept, and many who read these pages will live to see her again as of early times, a power among the nations.

Leaving Turin in the morning we go by way of Mont Cenis Tunnel, Culoz, Macon and Dijon to Paris, which we reach after a twenty-four hours ride. During the day we are mostly among mountains and in a hilly country, but at early daylight as we are nearing Paris, which we reach at six o'clock in the morning, we are in the midst of a fine country, cultivated with all that neatness and care for which the French are noted. The painted buildings, evenly kept hedges and abundant crops are evidences of a prosperous people. A little later, after a long ride through the suburbs, we are in the city and at the station. After passing our luggage through the hands of the

easily satisfied Custom House officers we take carriage for our hotel near the center of the city, and are prepared to enjoy to the fullest the beauties of this queen city of the world.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

PROBABLY no more difficult task can be assigned than to require a description of the Paris Exposition in a few brief pages. The difficulty will be apparent from the fact that the catalogue simply of the Art Departments of three prominent nations alone, is a volume of several hundred pages. A simple enumeration of the articles exhibited by all nations in all departments would fill many volumes the size of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. One cannot examine all the exhibits with any degree of thoroughness in less than six months, and hence only a general account can be expected here, and impressions rather than descriptions given.

We enter the principal gateway from the Place du Trocadero through the grand Trocadero itself, the finest building on the grounds. It consists of a large circular structure with wings facing and curving towards the main building on the opposite side of the river Seine. This building which is substantially made of stone and brick, is intended to be permanent and belongs to the city of Paris. It has a very large concert hall in the center, flanked with long open colonnades. The long

rooms in the wings will probably be used for art galleries. The central building has a high tower ascended by an elevator, from which there is a fine view of the grounds and entire city.

From the upper balcony of the Trocadero you look over the great artificial waterfall which flows from the second story of the building, and over the basin and fountain beyond, and see a broad walk leading across a wide bridge up to the center of the great exposition building, a quarter of a mile away. On both sides of the river and on each side of this broad walk are beautifully laid out grounds, with choice flowers, fountains, shrubs and lawn. Dotted through this open space are many small buildings, some used for restaurants, the others for the minor displays by Egypt, China, Japan, Tunis, Algiers, Morocco, Persia and other nations.

In the restaurants food is served in the style of the country which each represents, and in the little shops cheap trinkets from foreign countries are sold. Here the dark-eyed, swarthy buccaneer from Tunis, with the stem of a water pipe in his mouth and a small arsenal hanging to his person, inveigles the unwary into buying some worthless steel or shell ornament at ten times its real value, and near by the incessant clatter of barbaric music invites you to some saloon where African or Asiatic drinks are served in all their native nastiness. Here the French government has buildings in which are displayed the results of its investigations of the ravages of noxious insects, its forest culture and its meteorological department. The French society for preventing cruelty to animals also makes a small exhibit.

Across the river on each side of the broad walk are also

many small buildings representing the interests of horticulture, photography, navigation, etc. One conspicuous object of special interest to Americans is the gigantic bronze head of the figure of Liberty, which the French are sending as a present to America to be set up in New York harbor. Most of my readers will remember the huge hand of the same figure, which was at the Philadelphia Exposition.

At the left is a large building filled with fruits and flowers, but I will not tax your credulity by attempting to tell the size of the oranges, citrons, grapes and peaches, from Sorrento, on the bay of Naples. To an American, from the northern states particularly, the fruit is simply wonderful. An almost interminable annex is filled with a varied exhibit of French agricultural products and machinery. I was surprised to find the great amount of intricate agricultural machinery, like reapers and mowers, steam threshing machines, and portable engines for farm work, which are in this department.

Near this is a novelty, a long building devoted entirely to a display of oyster culture. Twenty or more long tanks through which water is constantly passing are filled with oysters of all ages and conditions. In many of the tanks there are also fish and sea animals, whose strange forms and brilliant colors are a source of unending delight. An eager crowd always surrounds the tanks containing those harlequins of the ocean, the hermit crabs, whose uncouth antics are watched with the greatest interest.

The main exposition building is divided into five parts, attached to a common hall in front and rear. These parts are each many hundred feet in length and together cover acres of ground. The central one, which is separated from the others

by a walk of twenty feet on each side, is devoted entirely to the Art department. To the right of this as you enter from the front are the general departments of all nations except France. Beyond, is, to the right, machinery of all nations except France, and beyond this a large number of detached buildings belonging to various nations and generally devoted to special displays. On the left of the art department and occupying space equal to that used by all the other nations is the display of the French. Back of this immense system of buildings is a large number of detached structures used for various purposes.

The plan of breaking the large building up into long, separate sections leaves no point from which such a grand view can be obtained as through the central aisle of the main building at Philadelphia. Owing to this the vastness of the Exposition does not impress itself upon one at first sight as it did at Philadelphia, and it is only when you have tired yourself out three or four days in walking through the sections that you begin to have a realizing sense of how large the display really is. The arrangement of the present Exposition, however, is much more effective than the long, narrow aisles and cross sections of the Vienna Exposition of 1873.

Time permits mention of the exhibits of separate nations only in a general way. It is expected as a matter of course that the nation in whose country the Exposition is held will on the whole excel any other, and to this France has not proved an exception, for while in quantity her exhibit nearly equals that of the rest of the whole world's, in quality of many things she is not inferior to the best. This is particularly true of all the forms of manufactured silk, and of the practical ap-

plication of art to manufactured articles of every kind. Taste seems to come natural to a Frenchman and everything to which he puts his hand shows it. The Gobelin tapestry and Sevres porcelain ware in the French department are unequaled.

England excels in machinery, particularly that used in the manufacture of cotton. Elkington & Co's art jewelry and plate are the finest in this Exposition as they were at Philadelphia, and Minton's china is certainly but little inferior to that of Sevres. Germany is conspicuously absent, having no representation at all, as cordial relations have never existed between France and Germany since the last war. Belgium makes a creditable display of heavy machinery and rolling stock for railways, while as a matter of course the laces of Brussels are unequaled. Her schools make a good exhibit, particularly in drawing.

Since the Philadelphia Exposition, Switzerland has felt that her watch business has been in a critical condition and she has this time made an unusually fine display, carrying off the highest honors. She has on exhibition a very complicated piece of machinery for embroidering, which admits a roll of cloth fifteen feet wide and works it into any desired pattern. A steam road wagon which came from Switzerland over the ordinary roads a distance of 360 miles in seven days, attracts considerable attention. The limitless display of Swiss carved wood which has haunted every Exposition for the last twenty years is on hand this time in full force. Italy sends beautiful glass ware from Salviati and Venice, mosaics from Florence and Rome, coral from Naples, and some fine cabinets of ebony inlaid with ivory. As usual the Italian department is one vast bazar for the sale of jewelry.

The Chinese and Japanese exhibit about the same things as at Vienna and Philadelphia, curious silks, ivory and carved wood-work, vases and lacquer work. The Chinese have one or two of the same carved bedsteads with open work pillars and canopies which they sent to Philadelphia. A beautiful shawl made for the marriage of the emperor, and valued at $5,000 is much admired. The body is of the finest and heaviest silk with a large animal which looks like a cross between a donkey and a peacock, worked in the center in rich colored silk and gold thread.

The Japanese dress like Europeans, but the Chinese wear their own costume, which consists of wooden shoes, wide breeches, a long, loose frock reaching below the knees, a cue braided out with black ribbon so as to reach nearly to the ground, while the whole is topped out with a wash-bowl straw hat with a small red plume fastened to the crown.

Russia makes a good display of gold cloth from the east, jewelry and art plates from Moscow, iron, leather, fur and velvet robes, and, of course, of malachite. A single vase of this material some eight feet high, is valued at $10,000 and a pair somewhat smaller at $13,000.

Denmark has an ingenious type writer which does not occupy more space than a cube of nine inches, and which can be set on one's writing desk, used and removed. The Argentine Republic sends leather; Siam, weapons and gold cloth; and nearly all the small countries of Europe and America have something to represent them. Even the little Republic of San Marino, the smallest independent government in the world, with a territory of only twenty-one square miles, is represented by a few pictures and minerals.

But how about the display of the United States, my readers are probably asking. While the quantity of our material is nothing to what we had at Philadelphia, our part of the Exposition is as a whole creditable to us. Our machinery is good, and our reapers and mowers among the best. In scales, locks, fire arms, pumps, chemicals, organs, books, watches and many other things our exhibit is good. Tiffany & Co. show the Bryant vase, and fine artistic table ware. They have made sales to the Prince of Wales and to parties from Japan. But the most interesting thing they display is their reproductions of the gold treasures and ornaments found by General Di Cesnola in the island of Cyprus. Every dent which unskilled workmanship, time and neglect have impressed upon the originals is faithfully reproduced here. The General has written a letter stating that the work is so well done that he can hardly tell the copies from the original. The collection is sold to the Berlin Museum for $5,000.

In the Art department the French make the largest display and the Italians the next, the French running largely to paintings, the Italians to statuary. As to the respective merits of the two, criticism is so largely a matter of opinion, that it is difficult if not impossible to reach a correct conclusion. Personally I have never been an admirer of the French school of painting and do not love too well the modern Italian, but I do like the paintings of the English artists and particularly Landseer's animals. Austria, Russia, Denmark, Sweden and Norway are fairly represented.

None of the celebrated pictures from the great galleries of Europe have been brought to the Exposition, and so those who expected to see a wonderful collection of the best paint-

ings in the world, are sadly disappointed. American art, which is but yet in its infancy, is poorly represented. Not only is the space allotted us scantily filled, but our best artists are not represented, and none of our best known paintings are on exhibition. There are half a dozen collections in New York city which are finer. Indeed I suppose there is the smallest possible encouragement for an American artist to send pictures to Europe hoping for a market, as it would be almost as great a folly as sending coals to Newcastle. As was to be expected the art department, while perhaps no larger, is considerably better than ours at Philadelphia. As a whole, our exhibit is such a decided improvement on the one we made at Vienna that we have every reason to be proud of it.

Not the least interesting and instructive part of the Exposition is to see the people from all parts of the world, of all complexions and costumes, walking about the buildings studying the miniature world in which they are.

Nothing can more effectually take the conceit out of one whether he be an American who thinks his country is the greatest in the world in all respects, or a South Sea Islander who prides himself upon his superiority, than to see how much other nations have accomplished. When we see the immense amount of money and labor which has been expended on the World's Exposition, and think that it seems to be necessary that each one should be better than any one before, we can but wonder what we shall see in twenty-five years more, if we should be so fortunate as to attend a World's Exposition then. And while our imagination is trying to construct the beautiful palace which shall hold the Exposition of the future, and to wander among the probable treasures which it will

contain, we walk down to the river, take the steamer for the Place de la Concorde and turn our back upon the great Exposition of 1878.

CHAPTER XIX.

PARIS.

AFTER visiting the Exposition, we commence our study of the city of Paris at the Place de la Concorde, because it is near our hotel and is also the center of interest in the city itself. It is an open square of nearly a quarter of a mile on a side, adjoining the garden of the Tuileries and at one end of the Champs Elysées. It is laid out in drives and walks and is adorned with statues and fountains, and with the Obelisk of Luxor, one of the finest in the world, which was a gift of the Pasha of Egypt to the French. It is a single stone, seventy-six feet high, covered with hieroglyphics, weighs half a million pounds, and cost four hundred thousand dollars to bring it from before a temple in ancient Thebes and set it up in its present position. The inscriptions show it to be 3,300 years old. On opposite sides of the obelisk are two beautiful fountains ornamented with figures of sea monsters spouting water into a vast central basin.

The Place de la Concorde is famous in history as the spot on which the guillotine was set up in 1793 and whose first

victim was no less a personage than Louis XVI. He was followed in rapid succession by Marie Antoinette, the Duke of Orleans and many other distinguished men and women, and in the next year by Robespierre himself and his associate conspirators. Within a little over two years, it is estimated that more than 2,800 people were executed here. In the bloody civil strife with the communists in 1871, a fierce engagement was fought here and everything in the vicinity, except the obelisk, more or less injured. At the time of my visit in 1873 only a part of the damage done had been repaired, and the spots of fresh fresco on the buildings which had been injured by bullets could be plainly seen.

Standing at the base of the obelisk an extensive view is around us. Looking in the direction from which we approached it, up the Rue Royal, the magnificent church of La Madeleine fills the whole view at the end of the street. The building which is 350 feet long, is in the style of a Greek temple with a row of grand Corinthian columns entirely around it. The exterior is severely plain but the structure is wonderfully impressive from its perfect proportions and immense size. The flight of great steps which leads to the portico and the massive bronze door thirty-five feet high are in keeping with the building. In front of the Madeleine the Communists had erected a barricade and placed a battery, and when they were driven from this several hundred of the miscreants sought refuge in the church where they were followed by the soldiers and not one of them was allowed to escape. The building yet bears the marks of the deadly contest which was waged in and around it.

From our standpoint at the base of the obelisk, and looking

in the opposite direction across an open space, partly driveway and partly park, we can see the smoke of the fast steamers on the Seine, and on the opposite bank some of the fine city government buildings. Beyond these is the gilded dome of the Hôtel des Invalids, where the government takes care of its disabled soldiers, and not far from this to the right we have an end view of the Trocadero, the finest building on the Exposition grounds.

Turning to the right we look up toward the Champs Elysées, which is one of the finest and most popular resorts for all classes, to the Triumphal Arch built by Napoleon I., a mile distant, which stands on high ground at the end of the broad drive. The Elysées is a vast pleasure ground laid out in walks and drives, and ornamented with flowers, trees, fountains and statuary. At night it is brilliantly illuminated by thousands of gas jets and in the summer is crowded with people. Scattered over it are various places of amusement and innumerable cafés most of them intended for the patronage of the lower classes. A few evenings spent until midnight in the various places of amusement and in walking through the grounds will give one an insight of many phases of life which are peculiarly Parisian.

On the right of the broad street is the beautiful garden and Palais de l' Elysées, which for one hundred and fifty years has been the residence of royal and distinguished people, and was occupied by Marshal MacMahon at the time he was elected President of the Republic. On the opposite side of the Champs Elysées is the great building erected in 1855 for the first Paris Exposition. It is now called the Palais de l' Industrie and is used for the exhibition of manufactured goods

and agricultural products. Just beyond this is a large circular building in which, at the time of my first visit, was exhibited the grand panorama of the siege of Paris, which was shown near the entrance to the Main Building at Philadelphia in 1876. Near here is also the celebrated Jardin Mabille, which used to be considered the embodiment of all that is immodest in the dance, but which has lost its "honors," if they may be called such, to the American ballet.

Remembering that we are standing at the base of the obelisk and looking toward the Arch of Triumph, if we turn and look in the opposite direction we see the Jardin des Tuileries, and beyond the blackened ruins of one side of the Palais des Tuileries. The garden is laid out in walks and is beautiful with flowers, fountains, statuary and a grove of orange trees, some of which are three hundred years old. This is a favorite resort of invalids and nursery-maids with children. There are hundreds of chairs under the shade and by the fountains, which may be hired for one or two cents each.

Going through the garden, a walk of less than half a mile brings us to the back of the quadrangle of the Tuileries, which was destroyd by the Communists in 1871. Finding that their cause was lost, with a deliberation worthy of fiends they determined to destroy the public buildings of the city, and accordingly placed through all of them barrels of gun powder and rags saturated with petroleum. When they knew that the Versailles troops were conquering them they set fire to the buildings and nearly all of them were destroyed. The side of the Palace next the garden and the one nearly a thousand feet long on the Rue de Rivoli were reduced to ruins. In 1873 the government had done nothing toward restoring

the Palace, but now in 1878 the part along the Rue de Rivoli has been rebuilt and workmen are just commencing on the other side of the quadrangle. Entering through an opening in the wall we are in the Place du Carrousel, which contains a small Triumphal Arch built by Napoleon I. in imitation of the Arch of Servius at Rome. Upon this were placed the four horses brought from St. Mark's at Venice, and which were restored after the fall of Napoleon. Near this is the great balloon which makes ascensions of about a third of a mile, taking up a large number of people daily. It was while defending this Palace for Louis XVI. in 1789 that the Swiss guards were butchered by the angry populace. The memory of their bravery has been perpetuated by the figure of the Dying Lion cut in the rock at Lucerne.

Passing along into a partly enclosed court we are within the quadrangle of the New Louvre, called the Palace Napoleon III., beyond which and completing the quadrangle is the Old Louvre. The whole building, the Tuileries and the Louvre, forms an immense quadrangle. They have been 350 years in building from first to last. The two Napoleons have done a large part of the work, Napoleon III. alone expending $15,000,000 on the work in six years. Of the immense building a part is occupied as government offices, a part is in ruins and a part under repairs, but by far the greater portion is devoted to the priceless collection of paintings, sculpture, antiquities and various articles of art. The Communists intended to destroy the Louvre as they did the Tuileries and would have done so if the Versailles troups had not come upon them sooner than they were expected. As it was, they burned the part containing the imperial library.

To show how impossible it is to give any description of the contents of this vast collection, it is only neceessary to say that it takes one three hours to walk through the rooms without stopping to look at anything. Nothing short of days of faithful work will give one anything like an adequate idea of the wealth of the collection. The collection, which is open all day without any charge for admission, is visited by millions of people every year, and on Sunday is generally thronged.

The treasures of this vast curiosity shop are divided into departments, arranged by nations and subjects. Among the Assyrian Antiquities are some immense winged bulls with human heads, which are supposed to be four thousand years old. In the presence of such antiquity our boasted one hundred years of national life sinks into insignificance. In the collection of sculpture are such works as the Borghese Gladiator, Venus of Milo, Diana and the deer, and many others almost equally well known.

In the Grand Salon are some of the finest paintings in the collection. Here is Murillo's "Conception of the Virgin," a small picture which sold the last time it changed hands for $123,000, a most wonderful painting indeed, Raphael's "Holy Family," Paul Veronese's "Marriage at Cana," and hundreds of others which we could only name but not describe. There are rooms devoted to various special collections, two to souvenirs, one of Napoleon I. the other of various French kings from the time of the great Charlemagne, one to bronzes, fourteen to drawings, many of them of the greatest masters, several to mediæval curiosities and glass and pottery, eleven to various things connected with navigation, and a very large num-

ber to paintings. One of the picture galleries is one-third of a mile long. The finest paintings generally have from one to half a dozen artists copying them. The Louvre is a miniature art world in itself, and probably there is no collection in the world in which every department of art is so well represented.

Just beyond the Louvre is the church of St. Germain, which was formerly used by the royal family, and whose bell rang the signal for the bloody massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Continuing along the Rue de Rivoli we soon reach the ruins of the magnificent Hôtel de Ville, which was one of the finest buildings in Europe. It was wantonly destroyed by the Communists in 1871, and the only consolation we have for its loss is the fact that six hundred of the miscreants perished in it. It was used as the headquarters of the government of the city of Paris, and had figured largely in the political history of France for the last two hundred years. It stands now a mass of unsightly blackened ruins, a memento of communistic rule.

Resuming our walk along the Rue de Rivoli, we soon see before us a slender column crowned with an emblematical figure of Liberty. This marks the spot where formerly stood the celebrated prison, the Bastille, which has been so thrillingly wrought into story by Victor Hugo and Dickens. This was one of the last places held by the Communists and was strongly fortified. In 1873 the houses in the vicinity were yet much injured from the fire of artillery and musketry, and a little custom house which stood on the bridge had been shot entirely through by a cannon ball. These marks of war have now been entirely removed.

A fifteen minutes walk from here brings us to the well-

known cemetery of Père Lachaise. On the way we pass between two great prisons, one being that in which the Archbishop of Paris was murdered by the Communists. This was also the prison in which convicts who were condemned to the galleys were confined. The place of public execution is between these two prisons and we are shown the spot where two criminals are to be guillotined a few days later. The street leading to the cemetery is lined on each side for some distance with shops of marble workers and florists, who supply the thousands of visitors with decorations for the graves of their friends. The grounds which have an extent of two hundred acres seem to us to be very much crowded. There are more than 16,000 monuments in the cemetery, of which the greater part are small and unpretending. The burial lots are very limited, and the bodies are placed in them one upon another, until they are several layers deep.

Of the multitude of distinguished people who are buried here we can mention but a few. The best known monument and the one most frequently visited is probably that of the unfortunate Abelard and Heloïse, whose sadly romantic story is so well known, particularly by disappointed lovers, who even now keep the tomb generally carefully decorated with flowers. The monument itself is neither very beautiful nor aside from the romance very attractive. The brave, but unfortunate Marshal Ney, whom Napoleon styled "the bravest of the brave," has no monument, but his little grass-covered plot of ground is surrounded by a plain iron fence in whose stone foundation under the gate is cut the single word, NEY. The family vault of President Thiers is very small and in no way remarkable looking. He had but recently been buried at the time

of our second visit and his tomb was yet covered with withered "immortelles." The cemetery figured prominently in the insurrection of 1871, and one of the tombs on an elevation was used as a fortress. When it was finally captured by the troops, all who were found within it were immediately placed against the outer wall near where they were captured, and shot. The wall yet has evident traces of bullet marks.

A ride of more than a mile along a continuous street with many different names brings us to Les Buttes Chaumont, which was formerly a dumping place for all the refuse of the city and a spot where criminals were executed. By the labor of the great M. Haussmann, who, under the direction of Napoleon III. made so many improvements in the city, this ill-omened place was converted into a beautiful park, and made a delightful resort. From it a good view of a portion of the city can be had. This was also one of the strongholds of the Communists.

Returning to the Place de la Bastile, a drive of three miles around the Boulevards to the Madeleine gives us a sight of the finest streets of Paris. These Boulevards occupy the site of the old city wall, which was removed some two hundred years ago, and in its place the city now has the finest avenues in the world. Along the way are several triumphal arches, and opposite the Rue de la Paix is the magnificent Opera House, which is said to have cost $13,000,000 and is the finest and largest opera house in the world. It was one of the many straws which helped to break the back of Napoleon III. The interior and exterior are richly decorated with marble and gilding. During the time of the Exposition the building, immense as it is, is crowded every night, and seats can be

secured only at a very high price and by engaging them days in advance.

Down the Rue de la Paix, which is a beautiful avenue, can be seen the column Vendôme, built of captured cannon by Napoleon I. Its design is like Trajan's Column at Rome. It was pulled down by the Communists and in 1873 its reconstruction had just been commenced. It is now completed.

Near the Vendôme Column and opposite the Louvre is the Palais Royal, built by the great Cardinal Richelieu. It is an immense quadrangle constructed around an open square of some 500 by 1,000 feet, and is noted for the fine shops, largely for the sale of jewelry, which occupy the first floor. The whole place is brilliantly lighted at night and is crowded with visitors. Those who sell imitation jewelry are obliged to have a sign to that effect put in a conspicuous place. The city authorities impose a heavy fine on any one who does not conform to this regulation.

From the Palais Royal, a walk of half an hour along the Rue de Rivoli, through the Place de la Concorde, up the Champs Elysées brings us to the Arch of Triumph which is probably the largest and finest one ever erected, and was commenced by the great Napoleon to honor himself and the French nation. It consists of a vast arch a hundred feet high intersected by a smaller one. The height of the entire structure is one hundred and sixty feet. From the summit looking toward the Tuileries there is a very fine view of Paris, while to the right an avenue one hundred and fifty feet wide leads to the famous Bois de Boulogne, which after having been used for various purposes is now laid out as an extensive park. In the depths of its dark woods there have been countless

duels fought, suicides committed and crimes of all kinds planned and executed.

A walk of fifteen minutes down Avenue Rome brings us to the entrance to the Trocadero, of which mention has been made in the previous chapter. Entering through this and crossing the river we are on the grounds of the Main Exposition, which occupy the Champ du Mars, for a long time used as a parade and drill ground.

From here it is but a little way to the Hôtel des Invalides, the summit of whose gilded dome, 340 feet above the pavement, is one of the most conspicuous objects in Paris. This Hôtel is the home of disabled soldiers or those who have served thirty years in the army. Here the veterans are provided with all the necessities of life, and in comfort and honor pass their days in living over with each other the glories of the past. The grounds are decorated with captured cannon and other significant warlike ornaments. There are at present about two thousand inmates, among them, at the time of my last visit, six of the soldiers of Napoleon I., the youngest of whom was eighty-two years old. These are wheeled about and are honored in every way by their companions. From a newspaper item I learn that one of these died early last winter. In the old chapel during the time of Napoleon I., there were nearly three thousand captured battle flags hung up around the room, but most of them were destroyed before the allied armies entered the city in 1814, and there are now only some 360 tattered ones remaining.

Just back of the old chapel is the magnificent structure which contains the tomb of Napoleon. The building is elaborately finished on the exterior but not fully ornamented

within. In the crypt, which is sunk into the floor under the dome, is the single massive block of highly polished sandstone from Finland, which is the hero's sarcophagus. His remains were brought from St. Helena in 1840 and placed in this their honored resting place. The subdued light which is admitted to the room gives the whole a more impressive appearance. During the siege of the city by the Prussians the gilded dome was a favorite target for the Prussian gunners, but its distance saved it from injury. The French, however, covered it with sand bags to break the force of the shells if any should happen to reach it.

A liberal mile from the Hôtel des Invalides is the Palais du Luxembourg, now containing a collection of very fine modern paintings, for nothing is admitted to the Louvre until the artist has been dead ten years. Near by is the Pantheon, a fine church which stands on the highest ground in Paris. Not far from here is the Hôtel de Cluny which occupies the site of a Roman Palace. It now contains a collection of Mediæval Curiosities. On the grounds are remains of Roman Baths.

On the island in the Seine are the Morgue, which is seldom without an occupant, the church of Notre-Dame, which interests me especially for its beautiful Gothic entrance of receding decreasing arches, and the Palais de Justice and other public buildings. On the left bank of the river are a number of public buildings many of which were destroyed by the Communists.

Of the many excursions to places outside the city walls we will mention but two, one to St. Cloud and Sevres, the other to Versailles. The beautiful Palace of St. Cloud which was

built a little more than three hundred years ago, has figured very prominently in French history as a favorite residence of the reigning family, and the place where many important events have taken place. The Palace and the gardens had been enlarged by successive monarchs until there was scarcely a more beautiful place in Europe. During the Prussian war the town was held by the Prussians and the Palace and its contents were burned and the decorations of the garden wantonly destroyed. Of all the towns held by the Prussians during the war, none received such shameful treatment or shows so terribly the blight of war. The Porcelain manufactory which is near here was badly damaged by the war, but has been restored. It belongs to the government and the process of manufacture is kept a secret as much as possible. The public are admitted to a part of the buildings, but mostly to those which contain specimens of the manufactured work.

About ten miles from the city and easily reached by carriage or rail, is Versailles, the summer capital of France, and one of the favorite residences of royalty. The Palace and gardens are probably the largest and grandest in the world, and are said to have cost $100,000,000. During the Prussian war, Versailles was the headquarters of the Prussian army, and in the Palace at the close of the war King William was made Emperor of Germany. To the honor of the Germans be it said that while the Palace was used constantly by them, both it and the grounds were entirely uninjured. The Prussians even covered the pictures to protect them from injury. The Palace is interesting largely from its great galleries of paintings and sculpture. The collection is nearly as extensive as the Louvre but not so valuable. The magnificent gardens

with their great ornamental fountains are, however, the chief attraction. So extensive are the fountains that to have them playing a single day costs the government $2,000. Since the war they are played in full force only two or three times a month, and then always on Sunday. The walks, statuary, Orangerie and wonderfully varied forms of fountains make the Park a place in which a day can be spent with the greatest pleasure.

Of Paris, as a whole, we get the impression of a beautiful city, one where everything seems to be done for effect. The broad boulevards, well-paved streets and thousands of fine public buildings, make it a city to be looked at with admiration. The traveler will find that it will take weeks to go over satisfactorily what we have indicated briefly in this chapter. As to what he will think of the Parisians, it depends largely on the kind of a hotel he happens to patronize, how badly he is cheated in the shops, how French cooking agrees with him, and his many and varied experiences in getting along with those with whom he comes in contact. The world has but one Paris.

CHAPTER XX.

HOME AGAIN.

LEAVING Paris by early train we go by Rouen, which we look at with longing eyes, as we have not time for a more extended acquaintance than the passing train gives us. It is

said to have some examples of the finest mediæval Gothic architecture in the world. The city is of interest, also, as prominently associated with the romantic history of Joan of Arc. This portion of France is well cultivated and has many manufactories, every little place through which we pass being well dotted with tall chimneys.

At Dieppe, where the steamer is to be taken for New Haven, we are delayed a few hours waiting for the proper tide. The time permits us to go hastily over the town which is supported largely by fishing interests and by the travelers who come to the bathing establishments for a few months in summer. The town is essentially Norman in its characteristics, and one occasionally has a glimpse of the curious head dresses which were in fashion a hundred years ago. From the steamer, as we approach England, the long lines of chalk cliffs along the shore look almost as if they had been painted white. Landing at New Haven we are not able to go to Brighton, an English watering place which is near, but has few attractions for the traveler aside from its very fine Aquarium. It is something of a consolation, however, for us to know that although we cannot see this we have been through the one at the Crystal Palace near London. Hastening on over the green fields of " merry England " a ride of three or four hours brings us to London, from which after a few hours delay we hurry on to Glasgow where we take steamer for New York, which we reach after a prosperous voyage of ten days. After the vigilant custom house officials have gone over and through our baggage, and we are allowed to go out into the street, we feel that we are at home once more and that our trip to Europe has ended.

The reader may ask how the benefits of such hasty travel seem to me, now that several months have passed since my return. If one has time and means for more deliberate travel, of course such rapid work would not be advisable, but as a choice between this and not going at all, or waiting to go at some indefinite time in the future, one ought not to hesitate a moment, but take the present opportunity. This is particularly true of young people, for on them the beneficial effect of judicious foreign travel is most marked. The impressions made on their minds by the grand and beautiful things of the Old World are more permanent than on those who are older, and their views of life and of foreign nations are made far more liberal and comprehensive. Then the young man or woman has the benefits and pleasures of the tour as a fund of enjoyment for the remainder of his life. He will be far more likely to go again and make a longer tour than one who has never been. I think I have seldom seen a person who has been abroad once who is not more anxious than ever to go again.

As I recall the last trip and go over in my mind the places visited, I can bring before me a pretty vivid picture of most of them, and even of places where we were five years ago a good general impression remains. Some things need to be seen but once to be remembered forever. No one who has had even a five minute's look at the lofty snow-covered peak of Mt. Blanc, glistening in the sunlight, or at the wonderful proportions of the ruined Colosseum can ever forget the impression made upon the memory. As I think of my hurried trips abroad in the brief interval of a summer vacation, imperfect and unsatisfactory as they were in many respects, I would not

recall them and give up the pleasure and profit they have afforded me, for hardly any consideration, and I now look forward with the greatest eagerness to the time which I hope will come in the not far distant future, when a more extended residence abroad and a better appreciation of what the old world has in store for one who would give her museums and libraries their careful attention, will be made a living reality with me.

From the first I have most painfully realized how impossible it was for me in the narrow limits to which it was necessary to restrict myself, to begin to do justice to the many things of interest in the places mentioned, and it has often been with great regret that I have been obliged to leave unnoticed things in which I was greatly interested and which I am sure would have been enjoyed by my readers. As I look back on the work I have tried to accomplish, my highest hope is, that while I may have interested and benefited somewhat those who have followed me in my wanderings over a portion of the old world, I have excited in them a desire to know by study or travel more of the nations of the past, and of those achievements in art and civilization which are the pride and common heritage of the entire Caucasian race.

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